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## THE CONGRESS.

THE remarkable document in which the Emperor of the FRENCH has invited the Crowned Heads of Europe to assemble, personally or by deputy, at Paris, has at least the interest of being characteristic of its author, and illustrative of the motives which have led to this strange proposal. When the EMPEROR refers alternately to his days of humiliation and of glory, and claims to have been taught by adversity and exile lessons to which most of his brothers and sisters on European thrones are blind, he puts forward, in a picturesque way, the two sets of considerations which influence his shifting and uncertain policy, and appeals to the two sources of power on which he relies. It is quite true that he is a crowned democrat, that he knows himself to be so, and that he glories in and accepts the contradictions of his position. He can remember his early years as well as his later, and it is not so easy for him as for others to forget that he began life as a conspirator, and that he spent the prime of his days in the weariness of baffled plots. The Continental democrat has scarcely a parallel in England, and we therefore find it very difficult to understand what he means or wishes. With us, a democrat means a person who wishes to make a specific change in the British Constitution. Abroad, a democrat is a person who revolts at the wrong and oppression which he finds embodied in the government of the world—who writhes under the pressure of kings, and priests, and aristocracies—who believes that the down-trodden and the oppressed have a mighty future before them, which cannot be discerned in any one spot or nation, but which floats before the mind like a vision half earthly and half unearthly, as the Reign of the Saints on earth floated even before the more savage and unscrupulous soldiers of CROMWELL's army. The EMPEROR feels, and has felt, vividly and keenly, all that the ordinary Continental democrat feels in a vague and wandering way. But, at the same time, he has an intense interest in his own career, and in the fortunes of his family. He is like a Fifth Monarchy man who took care to get hold of a good estate. He not only believes in the possibility of great changes in Europe, and longs so to arrange those changes that the great enemies and oppressors of the people may be brought low, but he wishes to reap solid advantages, to establish his dynasty, and to make France believe that the Empire is the only possible solution of the difficulties of government. Nothing would please him better, we may be sure, than a Congress at which all Europe should be present, owning that great changes must be made, and willing that France should suggest what these changes are to be. He would be as happy as one of the more fanatical of CROMWELL's Generals would have been if he had been allowed to begin the Millennium by partitioning out the Crown lands. Probably the delight with which the EMPEROR, in imagination, saw the Kings and Princes of Europe bowing their heads at Paris before the Elect of the People, and asking him what he would please to do with the Kingdoms of the Earth and the glory of them, may have dazzled the EMPEROR himself, and led him to shut his eyes to some part of the improbability that such a gathering ever should take place.

Even the official journals of France confess that the Congress is a splendid dream. A child could state the alternative that either the Congress will discuss nothing in which any one takes any serious interest, or else such a revision of the map of Europe must be proposed as will involve war. The real obstacle to any peaceful solution of the questions which agitate Europe is the possession of Venetia by Austria. So long as Venice is in the hands of the foreigner, no cessations can be made in the preparations for war. It is possible to conceive some ending, more or less temporary, to every other difficulty, but the difficulty of Venetia must be regarded as insuperable. Poland might either be separated from Russia

under a ROMANOFF Prince, or the Emperor ALEXANDER might affect to think the insurrection at an end, the enduring intensity of which he has just assigned as a fitting cause for the withdrawal of his brother from the Government of Poland; and some paper Constitution might be promulgated which would smoothe down the wounded spirit of France, and could then be carried away to Moscow even more quickly than its predecessor, as it would now travel by train, and not by a cart. The Great Powers might simply tell the Germans not to make any more fuss about Schleswig-Holstein, and the EMPEROR might not be unwilling to evacuate all of Rome except the town itself. But there is no device imaginable by which Austria can be made to give up Venetia, unless by force or by the inducement of a compensation. This compensation must be sought for either in Poland or in the Christian provinces of Turkey, and it is reported that the EMPEROR has already sounded the Court of Vienna to ascertain whether the offer of a Polish Crown for a younger member of the HAPSBURG family would be accepted. This may be nothing more than an idle rumour, but it shows how those who are most concerned to interpret the EMPEROR's wishes have read his purposes. Russia must, in that event, turn to Turkey for compensation, and then, in any way, Turkey would have to pay for Venetia. Much as Englishmen would like to see Venetia given to Italy, they will hesitate before they consent to the beginning of a partition of Turkey simply that political objects in a different part of Europe may be carried out with facility. On the other hand, the retention of Venetia by Austria fetters the action of England. We cannot deny that the part of the Treaty of Vienna, which gave Venetia to Austria ought now to be reconsidered, and we could not give Austria any military aid as long as she was fighting for Venetia. No Englishman can be indifferent to the dangers which threaten Europe from a coalition between France and Russia. The statesmen of the generation of the Duke of WELLINGTON hoped that they had put a check on the union of those two great aggressive Powers, by building the foundations of a perpetual alliance between England and Germany. But since that day, Austria has tried her hand at governing Italy for fifty years, and we cannot be partners in the responsibility for all the crimes, and misery, and degradation which Austrian rule in Italy has brought with it. France knows this perfectly well, and calculates that, if Russia helps her, Austria lies at her mercy. The Cabinet of Vienna must have endured a moment of extreme bitterness when it saw it publicly announced that Russia had been the warm friend of France throughout the Italian war. But, however clearly Austria may see her danger, she is certain not to allow the cession of Venetia to be broached at any Congress in her presence. All that the Congress could do would be to put the threat of war before her in a formal and solemn shape; and England, however much she may regret that Venetia should be Austrian, would scarcely like to see her old ally exposed to this extremity of humiliation.

If it is true that the English Government has invited France to specify the proposed subjects of discussion, the Congress may not improbably be at an end. The EMPEROR cannot say that the retention by Austria of Venetia under an indisputable legal title is to be called in question; and still less can he preclude himself beforehand from entering on one of the chief points which require a permanent and immediate settlement if war is to be avoided. Englishmen hate Congresses so much, and are so fully aware of the very poor figure their country cuts at them, with no one but an amiable nobleman, bland in manner, weak in character, and uncertain of support, to represent it, that they would be glad to find any valid excuse for abstaining from the projected Congress altogether. And it certainly cannot be thought outrageous, or indecorous, or unfriendly if those who are invited to a great discussion ask previously

what they are to discuss. But if an answer, satisfactory in form rather than in substance, were returned, and more especially if France were to hint at concession on her part, and to treat a readjustment of the occupation of Rome as within the scope of the Conference, it might not be altogether wise or right for England to make too many difficulties, or refuse too absolutely to give a hearing to that voice of moral justice to which our diplomatists are so fond of appealing when they do not know what to say. If Austria, who must know that Venetia is the real apple of European discord, dares not, or will not, refuse to attend the Congress, England is scarcely called upon to shield her. We, like every other Power, should go to the Congress with an abundance of reservations, and should make it perfectly clear that we agreed to nothing until we had heard what it was. At the same time, we need do nothing to further the projects of the EMPEROR, for, as the official press in France is obliging enough to tell us, the proposal for a Congress is not intended so much to bring about a Congress as to make it clear who will be the best allies of France when that time of action arrives to which the EMPEROR in his vacillating and moody way is probably looking. His speech made it clear that, of all alliances, he would far prefer that of Russia; and he evidently does not think it impossible that Russia may consent to some arrangement which will give France an excuse for laying up her Polish sympathies in lavender, and turning her attention to profit and plunder. It would be strange, but it is by no means impossible, that out of a proposal for an impossible Congress to avert an impossible intervention in Poland, France may build a scheme for uniting with the conquerors of Poland to partition out Europe. The honest pity and indignation of the French people may prove too strong and genuine for such an alliance to be formed, but the EMPEROR evidently looks forward to it as one of the winning cards which capricious Fortune may put in his hand, and which he will certainly play if she does.

#### LORD RUSSELL'S LAST DESPATCH.

WHEN you have been kicked down stairs, it is perhaps a waste of time to philosophize over the circumstances to which the extreme speed and ignominy of your descent were owing. The stairs may have been steep and the stair-carpet slippery, and it is possible that the boot which was the instrument of your sorrows was stouter than you had any reason to anticipate that it would be. Perhaps you injudiciously turned round at a moment, and within a distance, that was at once tempting and convenient; and it may be that the friend upon whose valour you relied to secure you against any such contingency had just made a still speedier and less imposing exit through the window. But, after all, the chief cause of your coming down so quickly was the kick that sent you; and no discussion of the accessories which may have added to the vigour of its operation will materially abate the sensations it has left behind. So, on the whole, it is superfluous to inquire why our SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS is, diplomatically speaking, sprawling upon his nose, with marks of unseemly violence upon his honoured person. It may be that he expected Austria to do the fighting for him, and that Austria showed an aversion to hot chestnuts upon which he had not counted. Possibly Prince GORTSCHAKOFF has displayed an indifference to bluster which our model letter-writer had not been taught, by his long experience in that line, to expect. Perhaps he has been embarrassed by the consciousness that the clumsy rudeness of his own style is no match for the Russian's keen and polished sarcasm. But whatever the cause may be to which our diplomatic reverses are owing, the result unhappily remains the same. We have been compelled to execute a "strategic movement" in diplomacy as abrupt as any of those with which our cousins in the other hemisphere are "teaching us the art of war."

It would be unfair to deny that Lord RUSSELL has had considerable difficulties to contend with. It is at all times difficult to accommodate the claims of popular sympathy and statesmanlike prudence. Nations think all things possible which they desire. Counting the cost of great warlike operations accurately requires more familiarity with bygone and contemporary history than most people can afford time to acquire. The benevolent orators who clamoured for a war with Russia had probably never troubled themselves to inquire whether an expedition into the heart of Eastern Europe was an easy or a difficult undertaking, or whether the Western Powers were conveniently situated for maintaining an independent Poland when it was once set up. It was hard enough, therefore, to satisfy the more active partisans of Poland in this

country that we were not guilty of a timorous neglect in leaving her to her fate. But this was not the hardest part of the perplexity. The complication introduced into it by the celebrated clauses of the Treaty of Vienna added an element of difficulty of an exactly opposite character. Common prudence made it impossible to act with vigour, and our treaty engagements made it impossible to remain absolutely passive. We were not bound, it was true, to interfere. But, when England consented to make Poland's right to a national Government a part of the public law of Europe, it would not have been easy to defend the English Government if they had allowed that right to be set so flagrantly at defiance without one word of protest. It was one of those difficult cases which test a statesman. It was undoubtedly not a very easy task to adopt a course which should be worthy of the interests at stake, and of England's dignity, when the two obvious alternatives of a bold declaration of war or a haughty silence were equally excluded. Happily for Lord RUSSELL, if he had known how to use it, a precedent had been framed for him by the hand of his own chief. The seizure of Cracow by the Austrians was, in point of international law, almost exactly parallel to the denial of national institutions to the Poles. The independence of Cracow was recognised, but not guaranteed, by the Treaty of Vienna; and it was violated by Austria, with the aid of Russia, without a pretext that could justify the robbery. Lord PALMERSTON recorded the disapprobation of England in an emphatic protest, which was received with general applause at the time. Having done so, he left the matter alone. He insinuated no threat of force which he was not prepared to justify. He made no attempt to terrify the spoliating Power by the illusion of an unreal coalition, or to mislead its victim by hopes of an intervention that was impossible. He simply appealed against the wrong-doing of Russia and Austria to the bar of European opinion, and waited calmly for the result. In due time his appeal was heard. For that, and for many other offences against law and against humanity, Russia in 1855, and Austria in 1859, received the sentence and suffered the punishment they had richly merited. No despotic ruler can brave with impunity the enlightened judgment of modern society. For the moment, he may seem to laugh in safety at an indignation which has no missiles more formidable than hard words at its command. But at last the opportunity of action comes; and then the stored-up wrath bursts forth in a practical form which the most cynical despiser of opinion cannot disregard.

But then a dignified protest is the one kind of composition in which Lord RUSSELL does not excel. He looks upon the world too much from the school-usher's point of view to be able to pen such a document. Every species of reproof, from the gentle admonition which is prudent towards a strong Power to the sharp oburgation which reminds a weaker Power of its relative position, is always at his fingers' ends. But of the courteous forbearance and restraint of language which mere self-respect should compel the strong and the free to employ towards others, he has no conception whatever. His incapacity in this respect has shown itself remarkably in the Russian correspondence. From the first he realized the fact that Russians were not as Danes, or even as sluggish Germans, and that the moment was not opportune for scolding. But still, though not scolded, the Russians might be gently lectured. They might be made to feel that they were an inferior race, and objects of compassion to Lord RUSSELL, as people who had never had a Magna Charta or a Reform Bill. They seemed to be specially favourable subjects for the recommendation of a new Constitution. Ever since Lord RUSSELL was allowed to bring into the House of Commons a Reform Bill that had been prepared by a Cabinet of which he was not a member, he has looked upon himself as a natural well-spring, perennially gushing with Constitutions. Besides two or three projects for his own country, he has furnished a form of government to most of the fifty dependencies of Great Britain, and has sketched out schemes for the benefit of Italy, Denmark, the Danubian Principalities, and many other States besides. From the first, therefore, he seems to have been bent upon the plan of adding Poland to his list. The details of the Six Points are, in part at least, referable to another hand—for many suggestions seem to have been received from Austria. But the idea of closing a contest between two infuriated nations, that had lasted for centuries, by asking the Emperor of Russia to give a number of constitutional promises prepared for him in a foreign capital, and expecting his insurgent subjects to place themselves at his mercy without any guarantee that those promises would be kept, is one whose

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paternity it is impossible to mistake. No other man in Europe has the same boundless belief in the efficacy of paper institutions. It was not difficult to foresee the result of such a step. The Russian Government, incapable of believing that any one could have made such a proposal in good faith, or could have expected it to be received without resentment, looked upon the "joint notes" as simple bunkum. At first, the apparent coalition of the three great Powers appears to have given them some uneasiness. They were not quite sure that this string of impracticable proposals was not merely a bungling device for picking a quarrel, preliminary to a declaration of war. But when the debates in Parliament made it quite clear that no war-like intentions were cherished, their contempt, not unnaturally, passed all bounds of courtesy. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF replied with a few phrases of the polished scorn with which a bold and resolute man disposes of impertinent bluster, and which, in behalf of any less hateful cause, would have been generally admired. If the Western Powers had really been wavering between peace and war, such insults would have goaded them into action. But it had all been sham pressure from the first; there was no real force behind it.

The despatch with which Lord RUSSELL closes the correspondence is worthy of the spirit in which it was begun. It reads like the composition of a man who had boasted to his friends that he was going to give So-and-So a piece of his mind, but whose courage had oozed out of the palms of his hands when he sat down to write the letters. All the offensive topics are skimmed over with a brevity which betrays no other feeling but a desire to be quit quietly of the subject. Lord RUSSELL is gratified to learn "that the Emperor of RUSSIA continues to be animated with intentions of benevolence towards Poland;" but he no longer ventures to allude to the realities that lie behind that hollow mockery. He intimates a hint, in obscure language, that "in regard to this [what?] peculiar question, the rights of Poland are contained in the same instrument which constitutes the Emperor of RUSSIA King of Poland." But his courage is no longer equal to drawing the only inference for the sake of which it was worth while to lay down that proposition—that, by his disregard of treaty obligations, the EMPEROR had forfeited all treaty rights to his Polish territory. An anxiety to escape from a profitless discussion of irritating topics might have been wise and dignified at the first; but, at the end of a long controversy gratuitously provoked, it is nothing but a confession of complete and ignominious defeat.

#### THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S SPEECH.

THE King of PRUSSIA has met his Parliament under very peculiar circumstances; for he alone, of all the chief Sovereigns of Europe, is at utter variance with his people, and has to face war and the rumours of war with no better reason for his being where he is than that he is there. By the grace of God, as he himself says—by that dispensation of a chastening Providence, as others say, which inflicts on a people, at the crisis of its fate, an impracticable and perverse ruler—he is indisputably King of PRUSSIA. That is all that can be said of him or for him. He can neither guide, nor rule, nor advise; all he can do is to reign. He gives his people neither the strength of a tyranny nor the spirit of a free government. He comes before the representatives of his subjects knowing that the nation has responded to the challenge of his Ministers by giving an overwhelming majority to the Opposition. He knows that Prussia is thoroughly awakened to the importance of the struggle that lies before it, and that it is determined, if it can, to get hold of the power of fixing the taxes, to assure the liberty of the press, and to call to account the Ministers who have misled their Sovereign and insulted his people. He also knows, so far as he can be said to know anything, that Prussia is now menaced by a greater danger than any through which it has passed since the battle of Jena. And yet he has nothing better to offer by way of conciliation to his people, and no other plan of creating that harmony between himself and his subjects on which, in words at least, he confesses the hopes of Prussia to rest, than to inform his Parliament that he shall keep as many soldiers as he pleases, and leave the Chambers to provide money if they like, and that, if they do not, then the requisite money will be taken without being voted. Indeed, he and M. VON BISMARCK have had the honour of inventing a novelty in constitutional government, which they seem to think brings with it all the advantages of absolutism and also all those of liberty. The representatives of the people are told what the King wants, and then, if they acquiesce humbly, the KING takes what he pleases as a constitutional Monarch. If the Parliament is rebellious, then it is the turn for abso-

lutism to come in, and the KING appears in the character of a ruler by divine right, and claims to decide what is to be done during the constitutional interregnum caused by the want of union in the different branches of the legislative power. The ordinances fettering the press, for example, are said by the Ministers to have been issued for a temporary purpose. They were to fill up the gap until a proper press law was passed. A new press law is now to be presented for the approbation of the two hundred and sixty members of the Opposition, who are about as likely to adopt it as they would be to adopt the customs of the Japanese or the Cherokee Indians. But it makes no matter, according to the KING's theory; for if they do not, the ordinances remain in force, and no Prussian editor or printer dare call his soul or his printing-press his own.

We do not see any opening whatever for a reconciliation between the KING and his subjects in the speech he has just made, except the appeal to the loyalty of the people which the KING founds on the nearness and greatness of the peril that threatens Prussia. It would be hard to exaggerate the magnitude of this danger, and the KING is so far right that the organization of the army which he insists on is considered by all military authorities to be absolutely necessary if Prussia is any longer to keep up the illusion of its being a great Power. A clever Sovereign, assisted by honest advisers, might easily have put the army question before Parliament in such a light as virtually to have secured the co-operation of a majority. The KING and his Ministers, however, not only do not try to conciliate, and to carry essentials by concession on trifles and general courtesy and show of good feeling, but they do not wish to do this. They think that conciliation is altogether a mistake. The KING is the only judge of what is right, and it is absurd that he should have to make any compromise or offer any concession to people who are too wilfully blind to see that, theoretically, he must always know what is best to be done. Therefore this appeal to the loyalty of the nation in the hour of danger is not likely to answer, for it is an appeal, not for harmony and co-operation, but for the acceptance of a theory which takes away every liberty which modern Prussia is learning to cherish. And what at once increases the danger of the country and diminishes the probability of its consenting to be guided by the KING and his Ministers is that they have shown, by all their recent policy, and by the whole tenor of the KING's speech, that they have no political ideas. Every other considerable Power in Europe represents something striking and important in thought and fact. But Prussia represents nothing. It does not represent that new longing for the national greatness of Germany which finds an inadequate vent in projects for Federal Reform, for it has suffered Federal Reform to fall into the hands of Austria. It does not represent the desire for free institutions and free thought which it was once hoped would rally Northern Germany round the House of HOHENZOLLERN, for freedom is imperilled, and free institutions are openly set at naught, in Prussia. It does not represent any sympathy with the thoughts of Western Europe, for the KING exults over the suppression of the Polish insurrection, and treats as mere miscreants and criminals, to be put down by a vigilant police, those whom the French EMPEROR declares to be stirring to its depths the soul of Frenchmen by the sufferings they undergo in defence of a right guaranteed by history and treaties. Nor, again, does Prussia represent the compact strength, the national enthusiasm, and the unbending tyranny of Russia, for Prussia dare not openly defy the friends of freedom, and would not venture to suggest to the Rhenish Provinces that they were governed on the Russian model. All that Prussia represents is that petty timorous Conservatism which, shutting its eyes to great questions, and indifferent to the wishes that move the heart of nations, busies itself with petty quarrels and the tricks of a tenth-rate diplomacy. A little victory over Austria on some point which no human being except German attachés and official newspaper writers care two straws for, or some tiny slight to England or France about as important as that offered by a fool in a crowd who will not take off his hat to the QUEEN, are the triumphs which delight the coterie of Berlin at an hour when Europe is lying like a carcase, and the eagles of war and plunder are gathering together.

It is this entire absence of anything in the policy of Prussia that in any way corresponds to the political position which she arrogates to herself, that appears to us the greatest source of danger to Prussia at this moment. Nothing is so incurable as smallness and triviality of mind and character, and nothing is so hopeless as for a nation to have to trust, in a season of danger, to

rulers who take a thoroughly mean and petty view of every question. Prussians may well feel that if they were to sacrifice their domestic interests, if they were to let M. Von BISMARCK bring in and carry exactly what press laws and budgets he pleased, and if they offered to pay for as many soldiers as the KING liked to ask, all this self-denial would be utterly useless. It is vain giving the means of carrying out a strong and decided policy to a man who has got no policy at all. Is the KING to be made absolute that he may effectually snuff out all the projects of Germany for a national union? Is the Constitution to be cast aside by universal consent, like an old glove, in order that the Cabinet of Berlin may be the jackal of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, and run about without interruption to find bands of hunted Poles for its big friend to devour? The supreme vexation of vexations to patriotic and capable Prussians at this strange crisis in their history must be the reflection that there is no course that can be taken which promises safety and honour. If the breach between the KING and his people continues, there will be all the dangers of intestine divisions in the face of the enemy. If an heroic sacrifice were made, and internal dissension healed for the moment, there is not a policy which the KING and his Ministry could either conceive or execute that would be of the slightest value or do the slightest credit to the country. The rights of the people would be abandoned, and the hopes of freedom blighted, merely that a worthless aristocratic clique might strive in its ineffectual way to maintain in the Councils of Europe a line of policy which, so far as it deserves to be called a line of policy at all, is diametrically opposed to the wishes and opinions of every liberal Prussian. Concession and compromise on the part of the Constitutional party are, therefore, almost impossible, and the nation must go drifting on blindly and helplessly until war, or revolution, or the establishment of a tyranny, or some lucky accident, ends its suspense.

#### AMERICA.

GENERAL GRANT is said to command 200,000 men, scattered over the vast region which extends from the Mississippi to the hills of Eastern Tennessee. The estimate of his forces is undoubtedly exaggerated, but if he can collect the bulk of his army at any single point, he will, in all probability, be able to outnumber the Confederates. There are few generals, however, who are capable of manœuvring armies of extraordinary magnitude; and although GRANT has displayed considerable ability, he has not yet proved his claim to be reckoned in the highest rank of military commanders. While he strengthens his hold on Chattanooga, he must still provide for the security of his Western conquests. Although there appears to be no considerable Southern force on the left bank of the Mississippi, isolated columns and garrisons in a hostile country would be exposed to imminent danger. Great efforts have been made to concentrate reinforcements at Chattanooga, and while BURNSIDE holds his ground in the East of Tennessee, SHERMAN and HOOKER have advanced from the West to the relief of the main army. The Federal Government had reason to hope that HOOKER's account of his recent combat was less apocryphal than the blustering order of the day with which he celebrated his defeat at Chancellorsville; and General THOMAS's official despatch confirms the truth of a success which at first looked suspicious. It would have been as easy to convert a successful night attack by the enemy into a Federal victory as to boast that the army of the Potomac had only retreated to prove that it would never accept battle but on its own conditions. The most mendacious braggart, however, may tell the truth when it suits his purpose; and in this instance it seems that HOOKER has done so. On the other hand, the additional statement that the Confederates had abandoned the hills which command Chattanooga is not confirmed. An explanation of a change in the movements of the Confederates may, perhaps, be furnished by the rumoured operations of BRAGG on the Federal left. It is obviously more advantageous to cut off the invader from his base of operations than to engage in a doubtful battle for the possession of Chattanooga. General THOMAS's army has already suffered severely from the scanty supply of provisions and forage. Unless he can keep the railway open, the accumulation of troops at Chattanooga will, in many respects, add to his difficulties; and in the course of the present war it has sometimes been found that railroads are less secure than high-ways, because they are more easily interrupted. If it is true that HOOKER has opened the passage of the river for steamboats, the army of Chattanooga may perhaps obtain a portion of its supplies by water. Unless the Southern papers have exaggerated the losses of the enemy, General WHEELER has

already destroyed an amount of stores the loss of which might seriously embarrass the Federal army; but the Commissariat arrangements of the North have hitherto proved equal to every emergency. The communication between Nashville and Chattanooga seems, however, to be menaced by a serious concentration of troops under three Confederate generals in Alabama.

The political movements of parties are becoming every day less interesting. It is the natural tendency of war, except in the midst of ruinous disaster, to simplify all internal controversies for the benefit of the actual Government. The Republicans, having the good fortune to be the original promoters of the war, have profited by the well-founded opinion that they are still its sincerest advocates. Their opponents were slow in understanding the cause which had disturbed their ancient supremacy, and only a year ago the Democrats were still numerous enough to profit by the general dissatisfaction with the conduct of the war. In their premature confidence, they disclosed their inclination to make terms with the South, although they nominally insisted on the restoration of the Union as an indispensable condition of peace. The Republicans had little difficulty in proving that the war could only be concluded by the recognition of the South, or by absolute conquest; and as the community at large was not yet reconciled to disruption, the Government was identified in popular belief with the prosecution of the contest. The Democrats have since discovered their error in adopting moderate language, and in preparation for the State elections they profess a resolute determination to prosecute the war till it ends in unqualified success. But the constituencies will probably hold that the original patentees of a war-like policy are the most legitimate claimants of their own invention. Some of the Democratic leaders have devised a curious reason for uncompromising hostility to the South. It was, according to their statement, Secession which placed the Republicans in power, and the most effectual blow against Mr. LINCOLN will be struck through the indirect abettors of his election. To foreigners it appears that the struggle between two factions who reject all prudent counsels is altogether insignificant. If the war is to continue, there is no reason why its conduct should not still be entrusted to those who have commenced it on an unequalled scale, and who must, in some degree, have learned their business by practice. No Democratic Ministers could have provided more soldiers, or spent money with a bolder disregard of consequences; nor could competent generals be procured except by a rapid process of elimination. It is possible, however, that the Democrats in office might exhibit a salutary disregard of the violent professions on which they recently relied for success; and the change of language displayed by Governor SEYMOUR in his speech at the Cooper Institute—in which he insists that the war now carried on, not for the preservation of the Union but for the centralization of power, should cease—seems to show that the party which he represents already begin to find that it is time to renew their advocacy of peace. If the war languishes, and if Mr. CHASE's financial prosperity collapses, there will be an opening for the supporters of a pacific policy. The future military operations will necessarily influence political relations, and if the Federal arms are triumphant in Tennessee, in Virginia, and in South Carolina, all show of opposition to the Government will rapidly subside. Defeat, on the other hand, sometimes revives the spirit of a nation, and the evacuation of Chattanooga, the threatened capture of Washington, or the abandonment of the siege of Charleston, might not improbably produce a general rally in support of the war. The indisposition of the Northern population to undergo the necessary sacrifices is more likely than any failure in the field to suggest thoughts of compromise and peace.

It appears that in the State of New York alone, there was, before the recent Proclamation, a deficiency of 48,000 recruits; and if the statement has any meaning, the shortcoming must exist after credit has been given for the substitutes provided, and for the pecuniary composition paid in conformity with the regulations of the draft. The quota of New York to the new levy is no less than 60,000 men, so that 108,000 volunteers must come forward within two months, if the State is to be exempted from a further compulsory enlistment. As the demand on New York is exactly one-fifth of the total number of soldiers required, it follows that if the entire North has on an average been equally slack, there must be a deficiency on former calls of nearly 250,000 men, in addition to 300,000 who are now invited to volunteer for service. In the early part of the year, the recruitments in the State of New York were at the rate of 2,000 a month, and it seems scarcely probable that in November and December they will rise to a monthly rate of 50,000. It has been justly remarked that a great city always



contains a large floating population of idlers and enterprising adventurers, who form the natural supply of armies; yet it is by no means likely that the State of New York, including its capital, will raise 10,000 men before the end of the present year, and the inhabitants of agricultural States will be spared with still greater difficulty. It must be remembered that the recent Proclamation provides, not for an ordinary recruitment to fill up the losses of the war, but for the creation of a new army to supply the place of an equal number of soldiers who will be entitled to their discharge in the spring. Unless 500,000 men can be raised in six months, the scale of the war must be definitively reduced. It is not impossible that the ensuing draft may be placed on the footing of a European conscription by the enforcement of personal service on those who are drawn at the ballot; and nothing can be more legitimate than the right of a Government to the service of all its citizens or subjects in a war which is regarded as vital to the welfare of the nation. The Federal Government is fully entitled to take the organs of all parties at their word, when they proclaim their determination never to make peace unless the Union is restored. The conscription will, therefore, be wholly unobjectionable in theory, and yet it is by no means certain that it will be enforced, or even seriously attempted. The further invasion of the South will be found impracticable if it is only to be accomplished by volunteers.

It is still advisable to maintain a dispassionate impartiality in judging of the prospects of the war, but sensitive Englishmen may be pardoned if they sometimes tacitly deprecate a Northern triumph which is to be immediately followed by a causeless attack on their own country. All the factions and their spokesmen are agreed in the determination to keep an account open against England for the neutrality which, in the Federal jargon, is always designated a treacherous support of the South. Mr. CHASE proclaims the popular doctrine; the State Governors take every occasion to preach it; and the Pennsylvanian invitation to the Russian Admiral includes, with characteristic American taste, a declaration that the ostentatious admiration of the country for the persecutors of Poland is dictated by envious hostility to England and France. If the Americans themselves may be trusted, their animosity to England is a far more active principle than their enthusiasm for the emancipation of the negro. It may be true that vociferous brawlers and boasters are not to be taken at their word, and that a large portion of their vituperation is to be attributable to simple want of breeding; yet it is neither safe nor perhaps even civil to assume that a bully is a harmless hypocrite. Undisguised contempt may probably provoke the Americans to show that they are in earnest.

#### THE FOUR PRIMACIES.

THE fortune, good or evil as he may esteem it, of having to appoint to all the highest benefices of the Church, has fallen to Lord PALMERSTON. The circle is now completed. The four Archbishoprics and the Sees of London and Durham lacked but the Deanery of Westminster—the “snuggest thing” in the Church—to form a perfect and entire round of good things to bestow which has, perhaps, never before accrued to a single patron. And it must be fairly admitted that the PREMIER has done well, and more than well, in his recent appointments. He has shown himself to be, in this, as in other matters, alive to the dictates of educated public opinion. It is not so much a discredit as an accident to Lord PALMERSTON that he knew nothing about the Church and its real wants, or what those whose judgment was worth anything thought about the Church. It is not given to every man, not even to one so versatile as the present PRIME MINISTER, to be equally well informed as to the necessities of every department of the public service. At one time it seemed to the PREMIER to save trouble to put Church appointments into a sort of unrecognised Commission. Family intimacy and an easy volubility secured the working of the Commission to a nobleman whose fault is not to let slip an opportunity of securing influence for himself and his party. It seemed as though the Church was going to be brought down to a level at which want of learning was scarcely, in the judgment of churchmen, made up for by a sour fanaticism. The term “PALMERSTON Bishops” described a variety hitherto unknown to the Christian hierarchy, and the common sense of the country was revolted by a succession of episcopal appointments which have now, it may be hoped, come to an end. Lord PALMERSTON was aroused to the necessity of looking at this public scandal, as he generally looks at other matters, with his own eyes, and a significant change indicates that the SHAFTESBURY influence is at an end. The appointment of Dr. LANGLEY

to the throne of St. AUGUSTINE showed that it was understood that the Metropolitan dignity required the mild wisdom and the temperate authority of an experienced prelate who had contrived not to make a single enemy, and who had shown that the confidence of the clergy might be won and secured without brilliant attainments or a literary reputation. In the rapid preferment of Drs. THOMPSON and ELLICOTT, though there was an obvious desire to make a single success do double duty, and to use up as soon as possible unobjectionable instruments, yet there was a solid recognition of the claims of theological learning, which, while safe and popular, was at the same time traditional.

But to succeed in filling the English Bench creditably is easy work compared with Irish appointments. The Irish Church is an anomaly. It has contrived to make the most of its illogical title, and, as part of what an Act of Parliament calls the United Church of England and Ireland, has only existed in a sort of Mezentian adhesion which is not incorporation. Clinging to the skirts of another is a poor sort of life, and the day may perhaps come when the rochet of Canterbury will be turned into a spencer; but, pending the doubtful future, it was good policy to send to Armagh one who, while perpetuating the name, was reasonably expected to continue the substantial virtues of Primate BERESFORD. To find a successor to a man like Archbishop WHATELY was not easy, though, when the ground has been smoothed by a rough and active steam-cultivator, the labours of the ordinary plough are at least lessened. Whether the See of Dublin was offered to Dr. STANLEY is of less consequence, because people foresaw that Dr. STANLEY had sense enough to refuse a post for which he was by no means fitted, and which, onerous in itself, was likely to be rendered doubly unpleasant by the presence of a disaffected and hostile clergy. But if Lord PALMERSTON's mistake in making the offer has been happily averted by the superior discretion of Dr. STANLEY, there is no reason to quarrel with the appointment which has been made to the fourth Archbishopric which has fallen to the disposal of the same Premier. Indeed, if Dr. TRENCH is content to exchange the lettered ease and calm atmosphere of St. Peter's, where he reigned the king of an ecclesiastical Ivetôt without acknowledging even the nominal supremacy of the See of London, for the turbulent side of the Channel, and for the lowering looks of an embittered clergy, a fanatical laity, and the threatening outposts of a hostile camp, nobody has a right to complain. The Dean of WESTMINSTER takes to Ireland not only an Irish name and political connexions, but large Irish sympathies; and while his family ties are a sufficient recognition of the MONROE doctrine, as Irishmen apply it to the Irish Church, he imports the scholarship, and refinement, and accomplishments of an English education, and the best English associations. Whether a poetical and somewhat dreamy mind, which has acquired its chief strength in critical philology, is best suited for the rough work of Education Boards, and for wrestling with the coming tempest, is a matter rather of hope than of confident conviction. The Irish Church seems to be discovering that the only possible condition of its continuance is its becoming what is called a Missionary Church; that is to say, it must vindicate its claim to existence by making constant forays and inroads on the fold of which the “Romish” wolves are the shepherds. It may be that in England, as we have resolved that there shall only be payment for results, the conviction may grow that a Protestant flock must be made where it does not at present exist, if we are to pay wages to Protestant shepherds. But it is, perhaps, not so clearly perceived that this missionary future of the Irish Church necessarily implies a general outbreak of polemical passion and religious strife. It is not in human nature, at any rate it is not in ecclesiastical nature, to see your own adherents, or pupils, or devotees slip away from you without more or less of grumbling and gnashing of teeth. But when the robbed Church is an Irish Church, and when the business of missionary spoliation is to be conducted in the land of the midnight blunderbuss and the hedge assassin, we cannot but foresee that there will be a good deal of the blood of what may perhaps be martyrdom to water the new mission. Our past policy of endeavouring to cultivate a good understanding between the rector and the priest may have been no great success; but, if the phrase has any meaning, Irish Church Missions on a systematic and predatory scale cannot be conducted without wrapping the whole Irish Pale in a blaze of religious war. To this unpromising state of things, which some friends of the Irish Church view as the only alternative to suppression, Dr. TRENCH is called. We have much faith in the effects of sincerity, earnestness, gentleness, and gentlemanliness; and these qualities will stand the Archbishop of DUBLIN in good stead under circumstances of no small difficulty.

If, however, Dr. TRENCH is scarcely to be envied on his promotion, Dr. TRENCH's successor may ride on the fullest tide of congratulation. The Deanery of Westminster is the very flower and crown of English Church dignities. It is surrounded by every association of the past and present that can satisfy that better ambition which, while it is relieved from the superior penalties and responsibilities which wait upon the highest station, can repose upon the more substantial if less dazzling comforts which the companionship of intellect, letters, and the very highest social enjoyments can offer. The Court, the Senate, and those whose society is better than that of courtiers and senators, all lend to the Deanery of Westminster an especial charm; and Dr. STANLEY is eminently fitted to enjoy as well as to represent these associations. He is a man of letters, and is looked up to as a representative man; and his new sphere is one which—while it may be well suited to a temper said to be cautious—has enough of opportunities for developing those practical powers which in an Oxford lecture-room, or in the sequestered shadows of the Close of Canterbury, may be said never yet to have had a full field. Dr. STANLEY has still a reputation to make, both as a preacher and a public speaker; and he has, at Westminster, the happy chance of life among congenial, or at least candid, spirits, instead of the angry buzzings and stings of an Irish hornet's nest. One difficulty alone awaits the much-suffering PREMIER. Promotion shakes the chain of rising men to its lowest link; and an Oxford Professorship, not without the substantial consolation of a respectable Canonry, will try in another field of choice those powers of selection which, recently at any rate, have been so successfully exercised. If, as is reported, Lord PALMERSTON's choice should fall upon Mr. CHURCH of Oriel, he will once more have creditably exercised his powers of discrimination in giving the Regius Professorship of Ecclesiastical History to one who unites to personal popularity and the confidence of the University extensive learning and high literary accomplishments, and general as well as professional acquirements in literature.

#### POLAND AND THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

ENGLISHMEN have no right to censure thus far the policy of the Emperor of the FRENCH with respect to Poland. It is not altogether improbable that he may be more willing than his allies to engage in the dangerous enterprise of a Russian war. It may also be assumed that, in a general readjustment of Europe, he would desire to gratify his own ambition and the vanity of his subjects by annexing to France the portion of Germany which lies on the left bank of the Rhine; and the territorial aggrandizement of a great military Power and the dismemberment of an inoffensive Federation are projects which English politicians justly regard as iniquitous and inadmissible. But a design which is not avowed, and possibly not contemplated, can furnish no ground of remonstrance. The disposition to make sacrifices for the benefit of Poland would be generous and laudable; and if the Emperor NAPOLEON shrinks from the risk of a general war, a nation which shares the sympathies of France, while it nevertheless declines to act on the impulse of mere feeling, is not in a position to upbraid a more excitable neighbour with the charge of either turbulence or timidity. It must be confessed that Lord RUSSELL's Russian correspondence and its results are not gratifying to national pride. A great preponderance of opinion sanctions the inaction of the Government, but prudent acquiescence in wrong is rather excusable than glorious. It will, on the whole, be satisfactory to find that France is checked either by the same obstacles which prevent English interference, or by the refusal of her allies to pledge themselves to a joint course of proceeding. The Governments which look passively on the extermination of the Poles perform the mutual service of keeping each other in countenance; and if England has been baffled and defied by Russia, it is something that France and Austria have been similarly affronted. There must be strong reasons for the general suppression of resentment, and if the attempt at negotiation was a mistake, the blunder is common to the three Powers. It is true that France was ready for war, if England and Austria would have shared the undertaking; but Lord RUSSELL had, from the commencement of the negotiation, repeatedly disclaimed all intention of appealing to arms. Any implied menace which was conditional on the co-operation of England was nugatory and abortive.

It is not yet certain whether France may determine on separate interference. The EMPEROR probably constructed the ambiguous portion of his speech for the express purpose of retaining to himself liberty of decision. He propounds the alternatives of war and silence only to reject them in favour

of his own proposal of a Congress; and it might be reasonably inferred that, if Europe declines to enter on a peaceable discussion, it only remains for France to fall back on her military resources. It is argued with much force that Russia will refuse to discuss the question of Poland, and that Austria will be equally unwilling to submit her Italian title to controversy. A Congress is, in truth, only a contrivance for ascertaining in a more formal manner the consequences either of a war or of measures which have been previously determined. Nothing can be more dissimilar than a representative Assembly, which is supposed to have common interests, and a conference of Plenipotentiaries engaged in defending the conflicting claims of their respective Courts. At present, the Congress, if it meets, will be hampered by peremptory instructions, framed for the express object of limiting its competence to secondary arrangements. In general, it may be assumed that no Power is prepared to surrender any portion of its territory for the sake of providing compensation to its neighbours. The map of Europe will only be altered by war; and if the Treaties of Vienna are obsolete, the various Sovereigns must rely, not on any new system of conventions, but on simple possession. Lord RUSSELL has confined himself, in his last Russian despatch, to a hint that the Crown and Constitution of Poland were created by the same instrument. It would have been inexpedient to dispute more explicitly the legitimacy of a tenure which is at present only disturbed by the insurgents. On the whole, a Congress seems to be almost useless, but until the answers of the Governments to the French invitation are published, and some faint notion can be formed of the subjects to be discussed, it is impossible to say whether the scheme offers a solution of existing difficulties.

Some devoted partisans in France assert that the proposal of a Congress is an illustration of the axiom in which the Empire was once identified with peace. But the most insatiate conqueror might be satisfied to attain his objects without the risk and anxiety of war. Even the first NAPOLEON seldom invaded a neighbouring country until its Government had refused compliance with some extravagant demand. His successor is more prudent and moderate, nor can it be doubted that he would prefer the peaceful triumph of his policy. If, however, a Congress means peace, it becomes important to discover the consequences which are to follow the absence of a Congress. Silence is by implication repudiated as unworthy of the dignity of France, and war might seem the only remaining method by which a pressure could be placed upon Russia. Those interpreters of the Imperial response who deem that the oracle forebodes war have consistency and logic on their side, but the ultimate decision will be independent of verbal arguments. The approaching debates in the Legislative Body, and the impression which the discussion may produce in the country, may not improbably affect the resolutions of the EMPEROR. A war for Poland is too serious an enterprise to be undertaken, like the Mexican expedition, in pursuance of a personal fancy or theory; and if it appears that the nation deprecates a collision with Russia, silence will, after all, in default of a Congress, be adopted in preference to war. It is not impossible that an excuse for delay may be furnished by the preliminary negotiations. If the Great Powers are divided in opinion, or if some of them return hesitating answers, discussions on the conditions of the Congress may take the place of formal deliberations by regular Plenipotentiaries. Before it was understood that the Austrian Cabinet was disposed to consider the EMPEROR's proposal, reports that Italy and Russia had consented to the Congress were commonly circulated in Paris. The participation of Italy, which has demands to prefer, and nothing to surrender, may be assumed as certain; but Russia, which has been formally accused of trampling treaties under foot, will certainly feel her way before she accepts the French invitation. The approval of England, if given at all, must necessarily be guarded. The wild speculations of French journalists on the formation of a new public law for Europe will certainly not be discussed in any Congress to which England is a party. If public law is equivalent to the balance of power, and to the distribution of territory, it would be almost as feasible to propose a new law of gravitation. In 1814 and 1815, the re-conquest of half Europe from NAPOLEON had placed entire kingdoms at the disposal of the Sovereigns who were assembled at Vienna; but there are now no unappropriated dominions to be dealt with, unless the frontier provinces of Turkey are regarded as vacant possessions. France might be willing to give the Lower Danube to Austria in exchange for Venetia, and perhaps to compensate Russia for concessions to Poland by an extension of the Bessarabian frontier. England, however, will scruple to consent to the dismemberment of Turkey,



and will hesitate to discuss any project of spoliation in the Congress. It is highly probable that some territories might be advantageously transferred, but capricious distributions of property endanger the foundations of society. A reconstitution of ancient Poland would not be too dearly purchased by even a hazardous interference with the existing balance of power; but, as it is certain that Russia will not voluntarily surrender even a portion of the Duchy of Warsaw, it is useless to discuss a result which is only attainable by war.

It might be worth the while of Russia to remember that the interference of the Western Powers is more likely to be caused by popular feeling than by the policy of the Governments. It is not the habit of England to go to war for an idea, but moral indignation against intolerable cruelty is something more than a chimera or a theory. It is perfectly true that the cultivation of increasing resources, and the expected reduction of the public burdens, furnish strong reasons for the preservation of peace; but it is only in America that the deliberate massacre of a nation is regarded with sympathy, or even with patience. The savage excesses of the Russian Generals and Governors may perhaps not be a sufficient reason for war, but they create an irritation which may hereafter find expression in act. France, with the same moral provocation, is restrained by fewer scruples, and by less cogent reasons of policy. The Emperor NAPOLEON is well aware that, if he decides upon war, he will have the English multitude on his side, notwithstanding the caution of politicians; for it is easier to understand the atrocity of hanging or torturing Polish women than to foresee the dangers which may result from French ambition. If war commences, the neutrality of England will become precarious, and there is only one side which it is possible to take in the quarrel. The negotiations have left so unpleasant an impression behind, that no consideration for Russia is likely to restrain any burst of popular indignation.

#### LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

IT is not an agreeable reflection that the LORD MAYOR, and the ceremonial which surrounds him, should be popularly regarded on the Continent as the most typical specimen of our institutions. The sample of English life furnished by Lord Mayor's Day is not exactly the one from which we should like the whole of our national character to be learnt. To those who know us in other respects, the account of the proceedings must read more like a burlesque upon JOHN BULL, by some spiteful foreigner, than a description of what has actually occurred. Pains seem to be taken, in the arrangement of that festivity, to bring as much into relief as possible the grosser side of the English nature. It bears the marks of many peculiarities of which Englishmen are proud, but it seems to caricature them all. We are not insensible to the position which our superior wealth has given to us in the world; but it is mortifying to feel that the chief mode of impressing it upon other nations that we select is by a prodigal expenditure upon a bad dinner, and an enormous collection of goldsmiths' ware. We pique ourselves upon the tenacity with which we cling to old customs, and the practical advantages which we contrive to extract from an archaic ceremonial. But the LORD MAYOR'S procession, with the man in armour and the sword-bearer, is not precisely the spectacle to which one would take an American friend whom we desired to impress with a reverence for our ancient usages. Municipal institutions, again, are a great English fact; and the freedom for which they have stoutly and successfully contended has done much to preserve the British Constitution in its present shape. But the manner of men by whom they are represented, in many cases at least, in the Corporation of London, is a practical commentary on their utility from which it requires a good deal of philosophy to escape. Altogether, Lord Mayor's Day acts upon an admirer of the English municipal system much as a residence in America acts upon a Radical, or the sight of the miracle of St. JANUARIUS upon a learned and fastidious English convert. Perhaps an additional air of ridicule was lent to the ceremony of this year by the peculiar grievance under which the City is labouring, and their very naïve and quaint mode of urging it. If it has been the custom on former occasions to give a title to the LORD MAYOR, who was in office at the time of a visit on the part of the Prince of WALES to the City, it is an act of remarkably bad taste on the part of the Government to depart from the usage because the LORD MAYOR happens to be a political opponent. But, whether the Government is right or wrong, it is difficult to conceive the state of mind of the LORD MAYOR who can allow his friends to urge such a grievance publicly. There is something almost Irish in the attempt to extort a mark of the

QUEEN'S gratitude or approbation by abusing her Government for not conferring it. The grounds of claim, as put forward in the Court of Exchequer, are not less curious. The honours demanded are to be conferred as a reward for "the munificent demonstration of loyalty," which consisted of the ball at Guildhall. Excellence in ball-giving is undoubtedly a species of merit which has not hitherto received a proper recognition. But it is so peculiar, and so little like the other kinds of merit upon which honours are usually conferred, that it surely ought to have a recognition peculiar to itself. It would not be fair upon the triumphant ball-giver to confound him with the possessors of merit of a more vulgar kind—the successful soldiers, or lawyers, or physicians, or men of science whose services are acknowledged by the bestowal of knighthood. The Orders of the Garter and the Bath are quite full; and it would not be just to Lord Mayors who have distinguished themselves in chandeliers, and deserved well of their country in the article of champagne suppers, to thrust them into the already crowded ranks of Baronets. They ought to be allowed an order of merit all to themselves, to be called the Order of the Fiddle; and the Knights of the Fiddle should be authorized to wear, in the place where a Knight of the Garter wears his George, a figure representing a Lord Mayor of London dancing in his robes.

By long usage, however—chiefly, perhaps, because it occurs in the middle of the recess—the Lord Mayor's Day has a political aspect of a graver kind. The speech which the Prime Minister makes at the banquet is expected, to a certain extent, to supply the place of those cross-questions and crooked answers by which the doctrine of the responsibility of Ministers to the representatives of the people is vindicated during the Session of Parliament. It is an occasion for the display of a Minister's ingenuity in making a speech which shall seem to discuss the political situation of the moment, and yet shall make no indiscreet revelation of the actual state of affairs. No man can execute this manœuvre with more apparent artlessness than Lord PALMERSTON; and accordingly this part of the day's proceedings was a complete success. Lord PALMERSTON told everybody exactly what they knew before—that London was very rich, that there had been a good harvest, and that he had no intention of going to war with either America or Russia. It is not that there is any want of subjects upon which an inquisitive public would be glad to be informed. The smallest donations upon the subject of the proposed Congress, or the Steam Rams, or the war in Japan, would have been thankfully received. But though he carefully avoided all these interesting topics, Lord PALMERSTON contrived to convince his audience, and even to persuade his chief supporter in the press the next day, that he had made an important political speech. It is perhaps unfortunate, as he possesses this art in such singular perfection, that he has not always been disposed to practise it. Though such exhibitions of skill may disappoint the section of his countrymen who are always athirst for a political novelty, the real merit of a speech on Lord Mayor's Day is to be as colourless as possible. On some few occasions of a similar character, Lord PALMERSTON has departed from this rule for the purpose of uttering menaces to other Powers, which come with little dignity from the Minister of a country whose acts are so pacific.

The cheers with which the PRIME MINISTER was repeatedly received at Guildhall were not due to any enthusiasm which could have been excited by his speech. In part, they were of course attributable to his general popularity, and to the interest of seeing a man who has entered upon his eightieth year discharging with so much apparent ease duties that are commonly reputed to be laborious. But they were probably traceable in a far greater degree to a cause special to the passing moment. A legal conflict, which, if it ever really comes on, will certainly be remembered for many a long year as one of our most remarkable *causes célèbres*, has been ministering by anticipation to the amusement of the clubs for some weeks past. Considering the age of the most prominent person in the affair, and the pride he had always taken in showing off his youthful vigour, the scandal had undoubtedly a peculiar relish; and, as a specimen of what is technically termed a "plant," the audacity displayed was more admirable even than in the case of a similar assault made upon the reputation of another distinguished member of the Ministry some ten years ago. But it should have been left to the honours which fall to a bit of successful tittle-tattle. It was admirable matter for after-dinner gossip, and must have been a perfect godsend to the HORACE WALPOLES of the present day—if such benefactors to posterity have not been improved off the face of the earth by the cheap post. If it ever had come before a Court of Law, there would have been time enough to make it

matter of public comment. To rake out from the gossip of the Clubs scandalous calumnies touching the private life of a Minister, was a proceeding that might have been fitting and seemly according to the morality of the New York press; but in an English newspaper such an outrage on decency should have been impossible. Unhappily for the reputation of the English press, this reserve has not been maintained; though it is a satisfaction to think that it was the chief Yankee organ in this country which has earned for itself the distinction of having been the first to break it. American predilections are apt to show themselves in matters of taste and good feeling as well as in questions of politics. Against such a mode of expressing political animosity an emphatic protest was delivered by the enthusiasm with which a company, composed of men of all parties, received Lord PALMERSTON at Guildhall. Such devices invariably recoil upon their authors. The natural indignation of Englishmen at an attempt to use private slander as a weapon in public warfare has made the Minister far stronger in the affections of his countrymen than if the scandal that was to overthrow him had never been devised.

#### NAVAL PROMOTION.

IT might almost have been predicted that the Report of the Committee on Naval Promotion and Retirement would do little to set the question at rest, but it could scarcely have been expected that the only substantial recommendation would be that the Admiralty should consider the expediency of establishing a Naval College, with brigs and small steamers attached. For the rest, the conclusion to which the Committee have come amounts to this—that the present system is by no means satisfactory, and that it ought to be continued. The composition of the Committee sufficiently accounts for the negative character of the results obtained from its deliberations. The two active parties represented upon it were, first, the advocates of an impracticable scheme, framed on the principle of postponing the interests of the Navy to the interests of naval officers; and secondly, the steady supporters of things as they are. Between the two it was certain that any real improvement would fall to the ground. And yet the rules which govern the promotion of naval officers are almost as bad as they well could be. The earlier steps in promotion, from the rank of sub-lieutenant to that of captain, are given by selection, while the higher grades are allotted according to a strict rule of seniority. In other words, the discretion of the Admiralty is exercised in selecting lieutenants and captains from comparatively unknown men, while the opportunity of picking out for the Flag men who have shown their abilities in command of their own ships is abandoned, because the Board of Admiralty modestly considers its courage and public spirit unequal to the responsibility. Practically, therefore, we have, as the guiding rules of promotion, pure patronage in the lower, and mere seniority in the upper, ranks. The Committee recommend that this singular arrangement should be continued, and the only reasons assigned for the opinion are, that the French system is (as might be expected) exactly the reverse, and that the officers of the Navy are supposed to prefer the rules of our own service. If the scheme of Sir JOHN HAY really represents the feelings of naval officers (not being admirals) as fully as its projectors seem to think, it is not difficult to say what the views of those most interested are. They would like the Navy to be made a snug profession, in which the numbers should be so kept down as almost to insure to every cadet certain and speedy promotion to the rank of admiral. That such an arrangement would be neither effective nor safe for the Navy may, we think, easily be proved; but it is not surprising that it should recommend itself to naval officers who have felt the weariness of waiting in inaction, during the best years of their life, for the chance of distinction and rank, which too often never arrives. The only defect of this plan is, that it forgets that naval officers are made for the Navy, not the Navy for naval officers. Still the feeling which prompted it is intelligible, which is more than can be said of the favour which the present rule of promotion is alleged by the Committee to command. That the minority, who have arrived at a position which time alone is certain to mature into the highest rank of the profession, should be unwilling to exchange the certainty before them for the chance of being selected for peculiar honour, is likely enough; but there is nothing to show that the great mass of naval officers approve of the existing rules, while there is abundant evidence of considerable, though not always reasonable, discontent. We doubt, therefore, whether the feeble excuse of the alleged popularity of an indefensible

system is available for the Committee; and though they were doubtless right in rejecting the pleasant project put forward in the name of the officers of the Navy, there is not much to be said in favour of the only alternative which they offer.

Almost the only real difficulty, in regulating promotion in the Navy, is to know how far it is possible to prevent a system of selection from degenerating into the mere exercise of private patronage. It seems to have been assumed on all hands, during the inquiry, that the Admiralty was totally unfit to be entrusted with such a duty. And yet, without honest selection for the higher grades, it is idle to expect that any great improvement in the efficiency of the Navy can ever be ensured. Adopt what system you may, it is a certainty that, in time of need, a body of officers recruited from the class which feeds both the Army and the Navy will furnish men equal to any responsibility that may be imposed upon them. The purchase-system does give us many good colonels, and some capable generals; and the complication of patronage and seniority which presides over naval promotion has turned out so many brilliant officers, that we may be sure that no regulations, however faulty, can entirely undermine the efficiency of either service. But both Army and Navy flourish in spite of, rather than in consequence of, rules of promotion, which in neither case are defensible on any other plea than the impossibility of keeping a system of selection free from the grossest partiality. Even if it must be admitted that the Admiralty, at any rate, cannot exercise patronage without corruption, the rational inference would be to take away the power of selection in the cases where it would most easily be abused rather than in those which would be watched with a jealous and intelligent scrutiny. Precisely the reverse of this is done; and the whole reasoning on which the defence of the existing rules is based involves the assumption that the selections for promotion in the lower ranks are governed by anything rather than a regard for the public service. If this were not so—if the smaller patronage were fairly distributed, in spite of the facilities for abuse which it affords—there would be no room for the plea that the more important steps should not also be placed at the disposal of the Admiralty. The official form of the objection, that selection could not be exercised without causing discontent, and that the duty would be too invidious to be pleasant, is of no weight, at least so long as the present rule remains, for there can be no doubt that lieutenants who are passed over feel quite as much dissatisfaction as a captain would do who saw a junior officer preferred before him. The invidiousness of selection may be an argument such as it is for promotion by purchase or promotion by seniority, but it is no excuse for a plan which is based on selection in those cases where the materials for a rational choice are generally wanting, and abandons it for the sluggish *régime* of seniority as soon as a rank is reached from which selection would be comparatively easy.

If the official plan which the Committee have endorsed is open to grave objection, quite as much may be said against the counter-project which led to the investigation. It is obvious that the highest prizes of every profession can be won only by a few, and any scheme of promotion which starts from the assumption that every cadet who enters the Navy ought of right to become an Admiral is necessarily impracticable. It is true it might be carried out by a very lavish expenditure of money and honours, but the result, even then, would only be to render the rank of Admiral even less significant than it is at present, for not one in a hundred could ever be employed. When one Admiral suffices to command a fleet comprising a dozen captains and hundreds of officers of lower rank, it is obvious that the due proportion of the different grades cannot possibly be maintained without exposing the great majority of the service to the hard fate of dying in a rank below that which is the summit of their ambition. The Naval service will never be satisfied until it reconciles itself to a hardship which is common to all professions. Possibly every barrister who does not become a Lord Chancellor, or at least a judge, is more or less dissatisfied with his fate, but then the Bar does not take it up as a corporate grievance that a dozen judicial seats cannot be occupied by more than twelve men at once. The clergy have never yet agitated for some new arrangement of patronage by which a curacy should infallibly lead to a bishopric, and all but the wealthier officers in the army are content, at any rate in peace time, to look forward to something short of the highest honours of their profession. It is probably the irritating stimulus supplied by the injudicious combination of patronage and seniority that has excited a somewhat different tone of feeling in the navy; but though one would rejoice if

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it were possible that the ambition of every officer in the Navy could be satiated, it is certain that Sir JOHN HAY's scheme would fail in its professed object, while at the same time it would cripple the service by keeping the supply of officers below the numbers which would be required at the first outbreak of war. The difficulty peculiar to the Navy, that it can only employ in peace a portion of the strength which it requires in war, involves the necessity of maintaining a large force of officers in comparative idleness; but the difficulty would be aggravated tenfold if it were admitted that every officer who did not reach the top of his profession had a great grievance to complain of. The best scheme of promotion that could be devised would be only a compromise; but the two worst are probably the revolutionary plan which was pressed upon the Committee, and the existing system, which received their approval.

#### DEAD VIRTUES.

IN one of the most striking passages in his *Life of Lacordaire*, M. De Montalembert recounts the reasons which induced that great ecclesiastical orator to join the order of the Dominicans. Lacordaire reflected, we are told, that the Dominicans had been conspicuous among religious orders for the rigidity with which they enforced the exercise of the three virtues of poverty, chastity, and obedience. Looking at France and the modern world, he seemed to see that these virtues were no longer in fashion; but it struck him that "a virtue can no more die than a star can fall out of the firmament." He resolved to make it his mission to show that these old virtues of the religious orders were not dead, but had an eternal value, and were as necessary for the modern as for the mediæval world. How far he succeeded is known to those who are familiar with the recent history of France; but by the choice he made, and the reasons he gave for it, he evidently raised a question which has as much interest in one country as in another. Is it true that virtues cannot die? We think not only that they may, but that the death of some virtues and birth of others are among the most startling and instructive conclusions to which the philosophy of history leads us. Of course, in one sense, virtues never die out. There are always individuals who are called to exercise them, and there is never such a separation and gulf in the continuity of history as would be caused by some virtues absolutely disappearing. But certain virtues are characteristic of certain times and certain states of society, and in the course of time their typical eminence fades away. The Romans had great virtues which almost entirely died out from the face of Europe during the middle ages. The character of the Roman provincial Governor, persevering in his duty and throwing himself into the difficult task of governing well, although no acknowledgment of his services was ever rendered him by the central Government, has been admirably drawn by Mr. Merivale in his *History*, and presents a picture to which mediæval Europe can offer no parallel. The virtues of mediæval Christianity were of a very high kind in their way, but they were alien to the spirit of those virtues which shone in the best Romans. These mediæval virtues have, in their turn, passed away; and it is of the greatest importance not only that we should admit this, and not pretend to see what we do not see, but that we should assure ourselves whether they ought or ought not to have passed away. On the answer to this question, more than on anything else, depends the future of Europe. We should like to have joined issue with Lacordaire, and to have maintained that, whether stars drop out of the firmament or not, virtues do die, in the sense that the welfare of mankind sometimes demands that certain virtues should, for a longer or shorter period, retire into obscurity out of that eminence whereby they have dominated and characterized society.

It so happens that the very virtues selected by Lacordaire as examples of virtues which ought not to pass away are the three virtues which modern society has cast on one side, and by casting which on one side it has made itself what it is. Poverty, chastity, and obedience have ceased to be the typical virtues of modern life, and Protestantism has no meaning unless we are prepared to say that it is an excellent thing that this change should have been made. The real struggle of Catholicism, so far as it is not an affair of priests and governments, is a struggle to bring back mankind to the moral state in which these virtues were held pre-eminent. The real struggle of Protestantism, so far as it is not a struggle of creeds or of the rival nations of Europe, is to maintain that the key to improvement, at any rate for the world as it is now, lies in clinging to virtues the exact opposites of poverty, chastity, and obedience. It is absurd to have a tacit moral code and not to be ready to justify it and proclaim it. We now propose to make the world better, not by becoming poor, but by becoming rich. It is in this way we act, and we ought not to be willing to admit that we are wrong. We see that, however it may have been at other times of the world, poverty now means stagnation—not merely a want of physical comforts and earthly power, but a moral stagnation and a sapping of religious life. A thriving nation—one that is learning to use its powers, to encourage enterprise, to develop its resources—grows, as we think, better. We cannot get the vast body of the poor any forwarder so long as they remain desperately poor; but

if they have some more of temporal hope and happiness allowed them, if they pass out of a state of abject dependence, we look for the appearance among them of those virtues, of that spring of character, of that susceptibility of the mind and heart to new impressions, which is the basis of moral advance. We have embarked on a course of commercial enterprise which will rapidly bring the whole world under the influence, more or less superficial, of European thought, and perhaps place the great majority of it under direct European supervision; and this is the way in which we trust to make the vast uncivilized or semi-civilized world as like ourselves as it is possible or desirable it should become. Any one who reflects for a moment will see that, by this preference of riches to poverty, we throw away much that is good, and encounter many new dangers. There is a hardness of heart that comes with prosperity, and rising commerce often means little more than an introduction to new and larger ways of cheating; but we have made up our mind to pay this price, and incur all these risks, because we like anything better than the stagnation of poverty.

So, again, with regard to chastity—by which of course is meant, not the abstinence from what is wrong, but the abstinence from marriage—the modern is at direct issue with the mediæval world, and, as we think, rightly. Any one who reads the biographies of great saints and ecclesiastics in the middle ages will see how completely their character was moulded on the basis of celibacy, how it coloured their whole thoughts, and how it altered their whole lives. The modern hero is conceived on a totally different theory. Not only do we think it unwise and imprudent for any but a very small minority of men to avoid marriage, and not only have we done our utmost to exalt the influence of the family, but modern theorists have laid down the doctrine that to have loved or to love is necessary to the perfection of character. It is taken for granted now that every man, and perhaps we may go so far as to say every woman, with any pretensions to superiority, shall at least have had a blighted attachment. It is permissible to have loved and lost, but it is certainly not permissible never to have loved at all. Words cannot express the greatness of the contrast which we feel when we compare this doctrine, and all that it involves, with the lives of St. Francis of Assisi, or St. Bernard, and the theories on which their lives were formed. Love was, to the mediæval saint, a weakness of man's heart, to be tolerated kindly when under proper control and disciplined by the Church, but a stirring of the earthly nature, and a hindrance and clog to the aspiring soul. Love, to a modern thinker or poet, is the step by which the soul, ordinarily bound down by the chains of usage to a prosaic life, leaps for a short space into the region of all that is beautiful and holy. We, like the Romans, have made, not the saint, but the paterfamilias, the model of society, only that the refinement which we have got, partly through Christianity and partly through the union of many different streams of civilization, has thrown over the position of the paterfamilias the poetry of love. It is curious in how many ways, as in this, Christianity has come now to be a purifying and elevating influence in the restoration of a fabric of society essentially the same as that which existed before Christianity appeared, and not only dissimilar from, but alien to, that which existed when mediæval Europe was under the immediate influence of what, with some reason, were then thought to be the specially Christian virtues.

Obedience we do not pretend to think a virtue at all, unless it is the obedience of people who obey of their free will authorities that have a right to exist. What obedience meant in the eyes of Lacordaire is apparent in every page of his life. It meant the submission of his intellect to an external authority; it meant the adaptation of his whole life to external rules; it meant the cutting himself, at all costs, after a prescribed pattern. Here we cannot have any sympathy with him whatever. What we want in the world is not more obedience, but less. Independence of action, and still more of thought, indifference to the opinion of others when in opposition to truth and right, perfect license to each individual so long as he does nothing wrong in itself or injurious or offensive to his neighbours, the greatest possible play for the native differences of character, are the aims of all that we think best in the modern world. The aim of the religious orders was to set up a mechanism as perfectly contrived as possible for taking people to heaven. The aim of the modern world is to make life as little mechanical as possible. Submitting intellect to authority seems to us merely childish; it is no longer intellect if it does not work in its own way. If ever a virtue was dead, this, of obeying intellectually, is past and buried. It is true that Lacordaire had no notion of obeying the civil authorities further than he could help, and therefore, so far as he is concerned, it is not fair to connect intellectual submission with an adhesion to absolutism. But, as a matter of fact, there is this connexion in the minds of most Catholics except where the ruling power is adverse to Catholicism, and we are as much at issue with Catholics on this head of obedience as on the others. Far from being a virtue, the obedience of a subject who humbly looks to a paternal Government to do everything for him, seems to us one of the worst traits in character that human institutions can encourage. The virtues to which Lacordaire turned with so much rapture are, we believe, dying or dead, and we rejoice that it is so. We must allow that the ideal to which the cultivation of these virtues pointed was one which it was not unnatural to deduce from Christianity; and that Christianity should be able to contain and satisfy not only that ideal, but the

directly opposite ideal of the modern world, is not the least of its marvels. It is also open to any one to guess that the lapse of time and the cycle of events will bring back a stage of society in which these mediæval virtues will once more have their place, just as the virtue of patriotism, so cherished by the Romans, revived after its long slumber when the modern States of Europe were founded. As we have said also, we are speaking of society, and not of individuals, and we cannot deny that it may be to the profit of some individuals to cast away wealth, and renounce even the very thought of love, and live under a strict system of obedience imposed from without or from within. But Lacordaire was not thinking of exceptional cases, but of the modern world generally; and there we think he was wrong, and that the stars which he set himself to follow were, if not gone out of the firmament, yet at least veiled by a thick and kindly cloud.

#### BEHIND THE VEIL.

AN old fable tells us how a lion and a man were once looking at a picture or piece of sculpture representing Hercules conquering the lion. "If a lion had been the artist," said the king of the forest, "you would have seen a very different story." It did not suit either the moral or the dramatic proprieties of the fable that the upright and two-handed animal should retort upon the quadruped the obvious answer, that the lion was too irredeemably stupid and clumsy to learn either painting or carving. Æsop and Phædrus rarely troubled themselves to refute bad logic or correct an imperfect appreciation of facts in their imaginary beasts, so long as they could draw out a plain and intelligible lesson for the improvable understanding of their fellow-men.

If Æsop were alive at the present day, and thoroughly conversant with the details of modern scientific discovery and the theories that spring up with every step forward—a student of Lamarck and Darwin upon the transmutation of species, a reader of Lyell's *Antiquity of Man* and Huxley's *Man's Place in Nature*—he might find a very interesting basis for innumerable fables. Mr. Kingsley, in his *Water-Babies*, has constructed a very pretty piece of fabulous nonsense, writing from the platform of a scientific and reverend humourist; but the work of a genuine Æsop would be much simpler and more real. A thoroughly consistent picture, illustrating the relations of life between man and the lower animals in those ages of stone and bronze of which the researches of modern geology are now reproducing evidence for our edification, would be one of the most remarkable works that can be imagined in this nineteenth century. The actual history of a celt or flint hatchet—with every circumstance surrounding it and its owner, from the day when it was chipped out to a rude edge by the blows of a stone hatchet; to the day when it was dropped in a deadly struggle with the mastodon, in company with whose skeleton it is now found by a French or English navy—would be curiously interesting and instructive. A true record of such aboriginal simplicity of life would possess, for most educated persons, the same singular attraction which the highest work of mechanical ingenuity within his comprehension has for the ignorant savage. In default of some miraculous intervention, a positively true record of such life is unattainable. Even a probable picture of human circumstances and human thoughts so remote from our own—probable according to the critical tests of our present knowledge, and with the enormous blanks and gaps of that knowledge filled up by the divination of creative genius—is almost equally unattainable. There is no small difficulty in conceiving a human mind, educated or developed up to the modern stature of humanity, which, in the absence of the genuine picture, could create for itself and communicate to its equally sophisticated fellows any tolerably accurate or adequate imagination of what the genuine picture would have been. Even Æsop would need an almost plenary inspiration, or he would run great risk of losing the fame which his authentic fables have procured him.

Let it be assumed, however, that the legible record of those ages was really in our hands. Let geology, comparative anatomy, philology, and all the other sciences, have told us all that they can tell us of the necessary antiquity of man. Say that we have found, with an exactness to which at present we cannot approximate, a relative or positive date for man's first appearance upon the earth, or even that, by some intuition or revelation, we can accurately realize the particular moment in time and the particular outward circumstances of that first appearance. Are we then, after all these huge steps of knowledge have been slowly gained upwards from the bottom of an infinite scale, one jot nearer to the comprehension of the great secret of our race? Can we ever hope to be able to say, as a matter of fact, and not as a matter of faith, how and whence we came to be here as what we are? Take it as granted, for instance, that the direction in which the current of science at present appears to point leads us straight onwards to the pole of truth. Let all that Lyell and Huxley shadow out as probable be actually proved. Let Darwin's theory of variation be recognised as an indisputable dogma of the most orthodox creed. Grant a sufficient expanse of measurable time to account for the widest and most gradual transmutations of any species of animal and vegetable life ever created upon this planet. Demonstrate, with infinitely greater distinctness than has yet been reached, that the structural differences which separate particular existing species are trivial and insignificant in comparison with those found to co-exist in recognised varieties of the same species. Trace the grada-

tions of affinity, without a single rude break, through the whole scheme of the animal creation; and decypher, in an unmistakable geological record, that variations have taken place in the atmospheric or terrestrial conditions of animated existence upon the globe which might, as a natural consequence, carry out all the observed changes of structure. Prove, in fine, beyond all reasonable doubt, that men and apes are, or once were, structurally identical, and that the principle upon which their bodily configuration depends is identical with the rule which orders the shape of every other variety of animal life. Let us get so far as to know practically, and even to command, the immediate cause upon which the phenomenon of life in each individual specimen of animated nature depends for its origination and continuance. Let science be able to breathe into the nostrils of an artificial Frankenstein the breath of life, and maintain alive a human animal of its own creation. Should we even then be one whit the wiser as to the other and greater mystery—how man became a living soul?

In the sense in which we call man a living soul, the ape is not one. It is not by saying that although the cerebral structure is the same in man and ape, the proportions of the brain to the whole frame are respectively different, and the larger intellectual expansiveness is found to go along with the larger proportion of brain, that we can bridge over the difference in kind between ape and man. Nor does it bring the life of man nearer to that of the ape to say that an idiot has no more positive or higher development of soul than a chimpanzee. Even if man be originally an improved ape, adapted by a variation of structure for a higher life, and if a defective specimen of the higher type degenerates back into a nearer resemblance to the lower type, the fact still remains that, as a rule, man is something utterly different from an ape. If they were identical in race, and if the actual difference between them is to be accounted for only by gradual variation, still, at some one particular moment in time, the change must have taken place in one particular individual or pair of individuals, which turned them from apes into human beings. At some particular epoch in the existence of this globe, a pair of creatures, who may be spoken of as Adam and Eve, found themselves moving together about the earth, in the possession of improvable powers of reasoning and improvable morality, and fitted to be the parents of a race endowed with the same characteristics. By whatever physical process they came there—whether by instantaneous production as from the dust of the ground, or by the slowest possible variations of growth away from the existing types of what naturalists call the family of primates—there was a definite moment at which the human race was created into a world where no such species had existed the moment before. Without expressing any positive assertion as to the power of others among the animals to think at all, we may at least say that, from the moment when such creatures found themselves seized of the impulse to think, to register their thoughts by sound or gesture, and to lay them up in their memory, an impassable gulf was placed between them and the creatures nearest to them in animal habits and bodily structure. They and the shapes of earthly clay appropriated to them in the scheme or process of nature were, at that one instant, placed in a different category of existence from the rest of the animated inhabitants of the globe. They took at once an incommensurable rank, differing from the others as a square does from a line, or a cube from a square. The race of man could thenceforth no more fall back into that of apes by any natural process than a solid could squeeze itself into a plane surface; while the lower races, gifted as they visibly are with special instincts and intelligences cultivable to great perfection within certain limits, have in no instance made even an infinitesimal leap in the same direction of expansibility. Let the passage up to a certain point of variation be as gradual as the slowest conceivable ratio of progressive change that the followers of Darwin could desire. Still, at a certain point there must come a jump; after which man exists, with a *differentia* in mental faculties not common to any of the other animals. What explanation is there, or can there be, of the facts upon this hypothesis, which would dispense with the agency of an all-powerful will, an incomprehensible First Cause? In what essential points is such a process more self-sufficient or intelligible than the recorded account of the creation of man from the dust of the ground upon the sixth day? It is equally an act of creation, independent of and higher than the concurrence of whatever material circumstances may have been chosen to bring it about.

Darwin's theory is obviously distasteful to a large class of pious and well-meaning persons from its supposed consequences. Not only does the ordinary mind feel displeased at the ignominious suggestion that its personality is mysteriously related to that of the ape, but it presumes that the discovery of any such connexion must inevitably favour the arguments of the merest materialism. It seems to be thought that science would hardly care to take so much pains in trying to prove that everything has been produced by what can be called natural steps of causation out of something else, unless science wickedly hoped in the end to be able to prove that everything nameable was produced by spontaneous or intelligible causation, either out of nothing at all, or out of something unnameable which always was there. We hope that science neither wishes nor expects to do anything of the kind. Even if Huxley and Darwin should succeed in proving to the satisfaction of a jury of their countrymen that their theory of variation obtained as a fact through every branch of life in the universe, the results of science would be no more materialistic than they were before that proof

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had been made. The real effect upon the popular faith would merely exemplify once more the pertinence of Agassiz's description of the reception which every fresh scientific discovery undergoes in its turn. In the first stage of dissemination of a new theory, the recalcitrant public says it is not true; in the second stage, the alarmed public says it is contrary to religion; and in the third stage, when, after all, no harm is found to be done by its acknowledgment as a fact, the acquiescent public says that everybody knew it before. So it would be in this case. It would then seem most natural to the pious mind that the facts should be as they were proved to be. The theory of variation would then be found no more opposite to revealed truths, properly understood, than that of the motion of the earth round the sun. There would be still behind enough to believe, enough to speculate upon, enough to wonder at. It might come not only to be thought, but openly taught, that a Being of infinite existence and infinite power, to whom the whole duration of time was nothing in respect of eternity, might very well make small count of it in choosing a manner of peopling his world with rational and accountable creatures; and that a method preordained from the first, involving even the passage of a myriad years before the slow variations of terrestrial circumstances and animal form brought round the conditions most suited to develop and maintain the chosen receptacle of human faculties, was neither more nor less consistent with Almighty attributes in its designer than a scheme of sudden creation. It would occur to the most orthodox arguers, that it is merely from the limited conditions of our own existence that we derive an irrelevant prejudice against any supposed waste of time or space in the economy of the universe. The profoundest platitudes would by-and-by be written and spoken, amid universal assent, on the difficulty of rationally allowing that the mystery of our creation should ever have been expected to have carried itself through in any other way. And all the time the mystery of our creation would, in truth, be as inscrutable as ever.

#### PLEBISCITES.

IT is curious to contrast the different classes of names by which political institutions and processes are known in different countries. They are sure to supply a most speaking comment on the condition and history of each people. Official titles and the like fall at once into two great classes, the traditional and the imitative; and traditional and imitative titles respectively represent traditional and imitative offices. All our offices and their names are purely traditional; the name often expresses the history of the office rather than its actual nature at the present moment. Whole worlds of legal history, for instance, are written in the mere names of our Courts of Law—Chancery, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, Exchequer, Prerogative Court, Court of Arches. The names, apart from the history, are meaningless; none of them are names which any one would bestow on newly-founded Courts elsewhere, unless in sheer imitation of the old ones. Contrast, again, such a title as Chancellor of the Exchequer with such a title as Minister of Finance. Think of the long descriptions, rather than titles, which we give of so many of our highest officials. Our Minister of the Interior, as our neighbours would neatly call him, is simply "One of Her Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State"—one of five, the division of whose duties among themselves, though perfectly well settled in practice, is purely matter of convention and not of law. Think, again, of the ghosts of extinct offices which we still keep up; fancy the actual chief of the Government being nothing but the head of a Board of Commissioners provisionally appointed to discharge the utterly defunct office of Lord High Treasurer. All these things could only happen in a Government which has grown up bit by bit as it was wanted, and in which it is infinitely easier to alter the nature of an institution than to alter its name. If we create a new office, it is always managed in the old way. When a distinct War Minister was needed, the English way of meeting the want was to add a fourth to the three Principal Secretaries whom Her Majesty already possessed. So our local offices enjoy all sorts of names, bestowed at all sorts of dates—Teutonic Sheriffs and Aldermen, Romance Mayors and Bailiffs—names which now are ancient, and sometimes unmeaning, but which have been used uninterruptedly since the days when they were severally bestowed as being descriptive in the common language of their several ages. This is more completely the case in England than anywhere else, because change in England has been more gradual than anywhere else. But it is in some degree the same with every country which retains essentially old institutions, however much they may be altered in detail. The older Swiss Cantons, though the constitutions of many of them have been so greatly changed, retain most of the official names which were already old in the fourteenth century. Uri has still its Landammann, Zürich its Bürgermeister, Luzern its Schultheiss. It is quite another sort of thing when you pass into France, or even into the French-speaking parts of Switzerland. In Vaud everything is as plainly new as in Uri everything is plainly old. The Burgundian Cantons had of course a great advantage over France itself in their close connexion with better models. They had simply to imitate their nearest neighbours, instead of being driven to hunt for models in the most remote ages and countries. Take, again, modern Greece; the classical revival swept away everything traditional, name and thing, and the country is filled with French devices bearing misapplied ancient Greek names. France itself made a clean sweep

at the great Revolution, and ever since its political language has been—allowing for the reaction under the Restoration—more and more imitative. Everything must have a name, either utterly new or borrowed from some incongruous source. The successive titles of the first Buonaparte have now become historical and familiar, so we hardly feel the intense incongruity and affectation of his describing himself as Consul, and the only slightly lesser affectation of his describing himself as Emperor. But as his *Senatus-Consultu* and his Field of May are less familiarly known, at those we may be permitted to laugh. Again, under both Republic and Empire, the map of Europe was disfigured by the queerest reproductions of obsolete, and commonly inapplicable, geographical names—Batavian, Helvetic, Ligurian, Parthenopean, and Cisalpine Republics, Illyrian Provinces and Kingdoms of Etruria. France herself, it is said, was within an ace of turning once more into Gaul. To this last one might not have objected, as being the formal renunciation of a name stolen from the other side of the Rhine, and which has given rise to endless historical confusions. At home the Mayor still exists, but then he is overshadowed by the superior majesty of the Prefect. The same general idea—the reproduction of something past, distant, often without any real analogy at all—runs through everything, from the Emperor downwards.

One of the strangest and most mischievous of these misapplications of words is the title commonly given to the strange process by which now-a-days constitutions are decreed and provinces voted away. We are not sure whether the word *Plebiscite* is in actual official use, but it is the word most familiarly used, and, like all other French things, it is making its way into other countries, first into Italy, and more lately into America. Now a more ignorant or more impudent abuse of language never took place. He who first called the Napoleonic dodge a "*Plebiscite*" was as unlucky as the man who first called a loud burst of cheering an "*ovation*." The object of course is to represent a process for which we should like to find a really distinctive name as something supported by the precedents of the *Plebiscita* of old Rome. Now there is absolutely no analogy between the two things. The Napoleonic Vote by Universal Suffrage, whether in France, in Savoy, or in Mexico, is something in its own nature revolutionary; the Roman *Plebiscitum* was something as legal and regular as any other portion of the Roman government. A *Plebiscitum* was simply a vote passed by the Assembly of the Tribes on the motion of a Tribune. It was as ordinary and constitutional a way of passing a law as when a Bill is brought into the English House of Commons. It differed in every respect from the Napoleonic device. At Rome, as in other ancient republics, the representative system was unknown; therefore the ultimate legislative authority naturally rested in the primary Assembly of the People. Such an Assembly was numerous, and, in the later ages of Rome, it was often very disorderly. Still it was an ordinary and not an extraordinary, a legal and not a revolutionary, body. Its proceedings were regulated by a fixed parliamentary order; and, as it was a constitutional body, often meeting, its members could acquire the habit of constitutional action, and were not simply taken by surprise on some extraordinary occasion. Whenever the Tribes voted, whether in their electoral or in their legislative character, they had a real definite issue—a real choice between two alternatives, laid before them. An election by the Tribes was like any other election between different candidates. The legislative vote of the Tribes was like the vote of any other legislative Assembly. They said Aye or No to the proposal of the presiding magistrate; if they said Aye, the proposal was adopted; if they said No, the law stayed as it was. But in the new-fashioned "*Plebiscite*," there is no Assembly, no real alternative, therefore no real choice. Votes are taken, up and down the land, nobody knows exactly how, but the voters have no real choice. They are called on not to accept or reject a proposed change, but to approve or disapprove a change which has already taken place. When the Tribes voted for a Consul or a Prætor, they had a fair choice between Caius and Titius; in the modern *Plebiscite* the choice is not between Buonaparte and somebody else, but between Buonaparte and nobody. If the Tribes rejected a Tribune's *Rogatio*, it was no more than when a Bill is thrown out by any other Parliament. But what if the "*Plebiscite*" had gone against the "*Empire*" or the Ten-Years' Presidency? What if the *Plebiscite* goes against the last new Cæsar out in Mexico? Of course care will be taken that it shall not go against him; but what if it did? The appeal to the judgment of the people implies that that judgment is to be listened to and acted on. What, we ask, would have happened had the French people rejected the Ten-Years' Presidency? Would President Buonaparte have come quietly down from his place at the end of his four years? The thing is a manifest humbug from beginning to end. Its real parallel is to be found, not in the perfectly constitutional *Plebiscita* of ancient Rome, but in those Assemblies which conquerors and tyrants of all ages have had a way of holding, to give some show of legality to usurpations which are already established by force.

There is in truth no reason why this strange French proceeding should be likened to the Roman *Plebiscitum* rather than to the votes of any other Assembly in the world which is primary and not representative. Primary Assemblies were universal in the ancient republics. Even in oligarchic States the supreme power was vested in a Primary Assembly, though one not, of course, of the whole people, but only of the ruling class. Primary Assemblies were the law of the old Teutonic Kingdoms; they only died out as the Kingdom got too large for all the world to come together. The *Markfeld* of the old Franks was as much and as little to the

purpose as the *Comitia* of the old Romans. It must have been a strong temptation to call the thing, not a *Plebiscite*, but a something—an *arrêt* or what you please—of a *Champ de Mars* or de *Mai*; only where was the *Champ*? The name would have been too glaringly in opposition with the fact. A *Champ de Mars* would, to everybody that heard it, have implied a real meeting. A *Plebiscite* equally implies it to all who know what the Roman *Plebs* was; but then to most of those who hear the word *Plebiscite* it simply conveys a vague notion of something grand. It is like "that sweet word Mesopotamia" in the sermon; it is like the man who swore at the French postilion in the formula, "Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmorland, Durham," which the postilion took for the most fearful of curses; it is like the *Times* when it calls the proposed diplomatic Congress "the Amphictyonic Council," which of course makes the Congress seem grander and the *Times* more learned in the eyes of those who do not know what the Amphictyonic Council really was.

The real *Plebiscitum*, in the Roman and not the French sense of the word, is still to be found in every commonwealth which entrusts all or any of its affairs to a Primary Assembly. This is the case with many of the Swiss Cantons. The vote of a *Landesgemeinde* is a *Plebiscitum* in the strictest sense. And even among those Cantons which do not entrust all legislation to such a general Assembly, it is not uncommon for some particular classes of subjects to be reserved for the vote of a Council-General—in other words, of the whole people. In these last, as the popular vote does not occur every day, but only on certain special and important occasions, there is the slightest possible approach to the French system. The Council-General of Geneva accepting or rejecting an amendment to the Constitution does present a superficial likeness to the French people voting by universal suffrage for a Ten Years' Presidency or an Empire. But the likeness is purely superficial. The Council-General of Geneva, though its functions are only occasionally exercised, is not an irregular or revolutionary body. It is as fully recognised by the law, and the sphere of its powers is as clearly marked out beforehand, as that of the more permanent representative Assembly of the Canton. And, like the Roman Tribes, whether in election or in legislation, it exercises a real choice between fair alternatives. A year ago, in the exercise of its legal powers, it rejected some proposed changes in the Constitution. But the rejection did not leave the republic in any hopeless state of confusion; the people simply decided to leave things as they were. Had they decided otherwise, the acceptance of the proposed changes would have been strictly a *Plebiscitum*, but it would have been a *Plebiscitum* of a wholly different kind from the French sort.

In fact, the French sort of "*Plebiscite*" can never be a legal proceeding. It is a mere *ex post facto* sanction given to something—commonly an act of violence—which is already accomplished. It is therefore impossible to define beforehand by law the cases in which it is to take place. Of things which have existed with any approach to legality, that which comes nearest to it—and that is not very near—is the old Florentine Parliament. The whole body of the people was assembled, not at some regular fixed interval, not whenever some previously defined class of questions arose, but as often or as seldom as suited the convenience of men in power. Incapable of deliberation, unschooled to political action, it commonly blindly accepted the proposals of its leaders, and voted away its liberties into the hands of some commission, or even of some tyrant. This comes nearer to the French device than anything else, but even here there is a certain outward show of legality which the French device wants. Still the devisers of French "*Universal Suffrage*" are welcome to the precedent of one of the worst political institutions that ever existed; but they must not be allowed to shelter themselves under the ancient and honourable name of the Roman *Plebiscitum*.

#### COMMON SENSE.

THERE does not seem much pretension in assuming to have common sense. Indeed, the claim to it is often made as a sort of disclaimer of higher things. We are apt to regard it as a sixth sense, summing up the conclusions of the other five—as a *lingua franca* known to everybody, through which men understand one another in the less intricate and delicate affairs of ordinary life. But, as we think over it, many things tend to disturb this assumption—to throw doubt upon our own matter-of-course possession of the gift on the one hand, and to raise its standing amongst the mental powers on the other. There are times when we learn that common sense is by no means universal, and when we perceive that, where it is possessed in a distinguishing degree, it is an attribute leading to great results. Merely to see things as the majority sees them, which we take to be common sense, and to act upon this perception, makes some people great, and lifts them to a pinnacle of success—not great in any new line, but for their own purposes and the world's uses. We employ the term common sense to designate this elevating power rather than discretion, with which it may be confounded, because discretion is conscious weighing and judging, while the quality we mean is an instinct. Men may acquire discretion in a degree, even if they start in life without it; but if people are born without common sense, no power, no pains, no practice will give it them. And persons thus wanting may have a really magnificent assemblage of faculties. There is no end of the wonderful, out-of-the-way things they may be able to do, the gordian knots they may unravel. They may even have understanding, senses, wits, all on the alert; for common

sense is not any one of these, though perhaps inseparable from their full and perfect use. Yet, with all, there is a deficiency, a defective sympathy, which can only be defined as a want of common sense. The missing sympathy is of mind, not of heart, with which common sense need have nothing to do; yet, quite as much as sympathy of feeling, this intellectual sympathy is necessary to our full enjoyment of each other's society, as keeping us aware of our common nature and origin. In some higher world than our own, some planet nearer to the sun, we can imagine a race of beings better and wiser than ourselves, and fuller of benevolence; but if they do not see things as we see them—if with them, for instance, two and two always make five—we could have no enjoyment of their company. In certain round games the players are constantly pulled up by some arbitrary check to the sequence, called a stop. Now in conversation we are often led up to such a stop. Our friend has betrayed a want; he has not seen the obvious, he has not caught what appeared to us the conspicuous and inevitable, points of the case; and we have to begin again. And this is quite different from simply not understanding. People may not comprehend, and yet may betray no want of common sense; but there is an active, intelligent deviation from the natural view of things, a dislocation of received ideas, a topsyturvy estimate of relative importances, which shows us at once that there exists no common ground for discussion, and that it is useless to go on.

When men of intellect evince this eccentricity, it is very usual to estimate their genius all the higher for it. "He has every sense but common sense." A mathematician who cannot take a plain statement in its obvious meaning, and who sees life from a distorted point of view, is assumed to be all the clearer and far-seeing in pure science, as though all his reason were concentrated on a single object; and poets are believed to be more under the influence of their muse the further their speech and conduct are removed from the habits and perceptions of common men. We say nothing here about exact science, and perhaps a man may see a long way into optics or the lunar theory, and no way at all into the mind of his fellow-creatures; but certainly a poet who fails in any point whatever of human sympathy is so far less of a poet for it. He is not matter-of-fact himself, as some people suppose, merely because he can go along with what matter-of-fact men think and feel; rather this is a very important part of the universal knowledge he ought to possess. No great poet lives in illusions. With him the light of day reigns supreme over the glammers, moonlight, rose-tints, and awful shadows of fancy. He is master of his imagination, and, when he wills to be man rather than poet, can lay it as the witch her broomstick, which conveys her over sea and land all through the night—

But with the morning dawn resumes  
The peaceful state of common brooms.

To descend, however, from these heights. We began by saying that men have a way of attributing to themselves common sense as a matter of course. They see the want of it in others, but, unless they are in the habit of self-inspection, this only leads them to the naive conclusion of the French princess, "Il n'y a que moi qui ai toujours raison." Looking back in the spirit of self-criticism, it is hardly possible for the most severely sensible of us to be quite satisfied on this point, and it is a very disagreeable sensation to perceive that we have been distinctly deficient in common sense—that one quality which, amid many wants, we had relied upon as our own. In seeking for the ground of this failure, people will find it to exist in some new, untried position, which has displaced their ordinary standards. A weight has been removed, they have experienced a temporary elevation through which their estimate of the probable has suddenly changed, and they have done things that afterwards they have wondered at. So much, indeed, does common sense depend upon habit and experience, that perhaps sensible conduct, apart from these influences, must always be due to a deliberate exercise of judgment and discretion; for mere common sense is very apt to fail under novel conditions. There must be coolness and equilibrium for common sense to act; every excess in the system, either selfish or benevolent, disturbs and overpowers it. Thus vanity utterly subdues and blinds it. Indeed, every trait of vanity is simply a violation of some law which our common sense teaches us, and which directs us in our judgment of others. Most people, indeed, have a contemplative good sense which enables them to see clearly what their neighbours should do, what is just and reasonable in the abstract, but the instinct deserts them in the self-conscious flurry of action. If this desertion is owing to the newness of the scene, it is only what might have been expected, and tells nothing against a man's pretensions to common sense; for common sense never plans for contingencies, but acts from hand to mouth, and is not an hour in advance of the occasion. If, however, it lasts after the strangeness is over, then he is wanting, for a man cannot be said to possess common sense unless he has it in proportion to his other faculties, and as a guard and director in their right use. We will not allow that a man has common sense who, feeling the weariness of long speeches with nothing in them when spoken by others, delights in making long speeches with nothing in them in his own person. We will not own that a man has it who conducts his pecuniary affairs with common sense, if he utterly fails in it in his intercourse with mankind, and will not take what people say to him in the way they meant it.

The man marked by this quality is modest, careful not to meddle in things too high for him—

For things divine by common sense he knew  
Must be devoutly seen at distant view.

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Yet it demands self-reliance and a sense of individual responsibility for its first exercise. Common sense does not work in numbers, and will not act freely in consultations, committees, nor, especially, in large assemblies. The magic effect of association quadruples that excitement which is fatal to it, and a thousand fairly sensible persons will, under the pressure of contact, do a frightfully foolish thing at which each acting alone would stand aghast. The people who collected old postage stamps by millions were, a good many of them, reasonable and sensible people to talk to, and so no doubt are some of those who want to make it criminal to sell a glass of beer. But the truth is, dread of singularity is the weak point of common sense. It is off its guard in all cases where numbers have given their verdict. Those who dare to stand scornfully aloof from an epidemic of folly are wise with more than the wisdom of instinct and sympathy. Common sense is never at all ashamed of itself when it does absurd things in good company. But at least it can meddle with such pitch and not be deeply defiled by it; it can pull up when the mania is over. It is used to make the best of things, and to accept the world as it goes as a thing to be humoured. And especially it is careful not to be over-wise in its business, not to bring more thought to bear upon a thing than the occasion requires; so much so that all persons who carry on the routine of life with much expenditure of invention and brains, who do common things with a neatness or fulness or precision which seems to reprove the easy informal management of people in general, will be found conspicuous examples of want of common sense.

In this light, a teeming invention may be, according to the popular view, a hindrance to common sense, as also may be the speculative faculty when strongly developed; and common sense, which is the great reconciler in all theoretic difficulties, does no doubt find the work easier where these do not press with the importunity with which they do on some clear active minds. Indeed, no anomalies or derangements in a system of fair working efficiency can assert much sway under the reign of absolute common sense, which is always modifying personal and individual impressions by probabilities, and by the general impression, and never looks or cares for theoretic exactness. It is not illogical, but it would rather be thought so than commit itself to the extreme conclusions of logic. In fact, logical extremes are the precise opposites of those decisions in which common sense reposes with a calm satisfaction that is not to be frightened or disturbed. In great matters and in small, it acts for society like the good housewife, who sets things tidy and in order without speculating on the nature of the furnishings which she has to adapt to human purposes and make the best of.

It cannot be denied that, when we search for examples of common sense, we find it, not in those who master their speculative difficulties, but in those who are never visited by such difficulties, who take the life that comes to them and adapt themselves to it; but it is also certain that all language is founded on the assumption of a universal common sense, and that nothing, however difficult and recondite in morals, can be understood without it. Common sense is the indispensable interpreter, the one commentator without which no doctrine can hold its right place, no teaching convey its true meaning, no just inference be drawn, no wholesome lessons be gathered. A scrupulous conscience is a conscience that discards this interpretation, that insists on taking words in an isolated grammatical sense which were spoken not to the grammatical part of us, but to heart and reason taught by experience and human intercourse. And the victim of metaphysical subtleties chops and refines his mind away from a similar contempt and defiance of the practical suggestions of this accredited nurse and guardian of the intellect. Mere intellect is, in truth, about the most floundering and helpless thing in creation when left to its own vagaries, unaided from within or from without.

Yet common sense has its limits. There are regions in which it is powerless, as when, long practised in a certain familiar line, it is confronted with something great and unprecedented. In such cases instinct will not serve, beyond confessing its incapacity and referring all to the stronger, more conscious powers of the soul. To treat grand and startling circumstances with mere common-sense appliances is to be like Marcellus striking the ghost with his partisan, when he both fails in his purpose and betrays a nature dull to perceive things spiritual. Thus common sense constantly falls below itself in great crises. It cannot grapple with unknown forces, such as political and religious convulsions, in which history constantly shows the men of common sense—adepts at keeping the world going in ordinary times—entirely breaking down in emergency and turned into old women. It is true that these are not familiar displays either for success or failure, only we might idolize common sense too much but for these hints of possible shortcomings. The real charm and worth of this quality is seen where a man has great and exceptional powers, and common sense in proportion to them all, subduing vanity, repressing arrogance, and making what might otherwise be a subject for distant wonder and admiration something comfortable and homelike. Walter Scott, in spite of his imprudences, was an instance of what we mean—delightful in his common sense as in his genius. He saw all things without eccentricity and as other people saw them, and could even play with his most cherished hobbies in amused sympathy with the world's estimate of them. It was a fine thing for him to have common sense, because it extended over so large a surface, but perhaps it is no great thing for ordinary men. Nevertheless, if people think they have it, they should set upon it. Every-day life is full of instances

where our common sense tells us one thing, but, from weakness, idleness, or a cowardly humility, we submit to another dictation. For example, in dealing with servants or workmen, our common sense constantly yields to mere authoritative assertion. What they say, with an air of knowing, we submit to in very defiance of our senses; and when the mischief is done, all that is left for despised common sense to do is to pay the penalty with a good grace, and to lay the blame on the right shoulders—that is, on one's own.

#### MODERN ENGLISH MISSIONS.

A COUPLE of years ago, a curious book was published by a Mr. Marshall (a convert, we believe, to the Church of Rome) on *Christian Missions, their Agents, their Method, and their Results*. We spoke of it at the time as it deserved. It was just the puffy talk in which people indulge who have no very deep insight into things, a good deal of loquacity, and a foregone conclusion which must be wrought out somehow—

*Si possis, rectè; si non, quocunque modo.*

Everything that could be raked together out of an extensive induction of "Mudie," in the way of travels, &c., was brought to bear. If a stray sea-captain happened to have been only mid-dlingly treated by a casual missionary in the Pacific, and to have blurted out in consequence "Missionaries be hanged!" or worse, down it went, and the Pacific missions were (literally, of course) damned accordingly. If an Indian soldier saw nothing of mission-work in India, possibly because he never looked for it, down it went again—Protestant missions in India are an elaborate humbug. If a Mr. St. John quarrels with the Bishop of Labuan, and prints his version of a story of which he only understands half, and that half incorrectly, down it goes again. The authority of Sir James Brooke, or the verdict of a Governor-General or two of India, or the reports of responsible Consuls in different parts of the world, are unheeded, simply because unread or unknown. Even the Bishop of New Zealand, whom it would be too ludicrous wholly to ignore, is pressed into the service as a sort of *à fortiori* argument; "if even he fails, everybody can see the conclusion." It never seems to have occurred to this photographer of phantoms that his argument, when three good-sized octavo volumes have made it quite complete, just amounts to that of the small boy who was accused of picking pockets. Two respectable witnesses saw him do it; but he produced twenty who didn't, and gravely asked for a verdict on the strength of them. The evidence of people who didn't see the thing is, we need hardly say, however often repeated, worth nothing if anybody else did, even if it were accumulated by bushels-full. A dry Bishop, who has not done much else to justify his elevation, has at all events contributed a little practical logic here. He was dining, somewhere near Aldershot, in company with an officer of the old school, who broadly and bluntly said that, "after all that these psalm-singing fellows preached, the army was not more moral, and never would be; he knew all about it, and it was all humbug from beginning to end." "Well, I am glad to get a word or two from any one who knows all about it. How do the night-schools get on?" "Night what?" "And the penitentiary?" "What's that?" "And the Bible woman?" "Queer woman, I take it; never heard of her." A roasted Colonel added an unexpected triumph to episcopal cuisine.

The author's laudations of Jesuit and other missions we may omit. The burden of the song everybody can supply for himself. Perfect priests, perfect people; priests never eat, people never drink; converts by thousands, martyrs *ad libitum*, miracles made to order; in short, the Pasha of *Edithen* converted to Christian uses, and Paradise run to seed. Yet a few facts remain, after all the babblings of party. The King of the chief islands in the North Pacific, after a tolerably full experience of Roman amenities, sent for his bishop to England; missionary Leupoldt, at Benares, is said to have been able to supply our army commissariat in the mutiny, when nobody else could; and the wars of Maori chieftains have, until lately, exhibited a singular contrast to those of Alva. If we wanted to dispose of Roman pretensions in two words, the first would be Goa, and the second, most certainly, Rome. And yet, when all is done, and the Marshalls of controversial polemics have been duly relegated to the purgatory of twaddledom, the author hits a blot, and a real one. In the manufacture of saints, and the glorification of St. Peter's rather uneasy chair, he fails; but in what we may call Christian Economics, he reads us a lesson. It is true, as he says, that we, English and hard-headed people, spend not far short of half a million (he magnifies it, of course, into nobody knows how much) over our missions annually—taking into account the missions of the sects as well as those of the Church; and it is not so apparent as might be wished that we get our money's worth for our money. It is a practical, and therefore peculiarly English, issue, and well worth our working out a little. The question has been brought up afresh by the recent speech of the Bishop of Oxford at the Manchester Congress, and by some comments made on it in the daily newspapers—still more recently by the S. P. G. meeting at Reading the other day. It has been asked, how is it that so apparently obvious a duty has to be enforced with such perpetual and expensive iteration, while the exhortations so palpably fail of their object? How is it that half a dozen speakers at a meeting pound away, with such eloquence as they may be master of, as if heaven and earth were coming together, while the result is only some two or three pounds at the end of

it? We cannot help feeling, with the critics, that the reason is a rather wide-spread conviction that there is a screw or two loose about the whole matter. The reports of the Societies, coloured very sufficiently, as no doubt they are, still do not even claim ought beyond a very scanty measure of success, and admit drawbacks and qualifications enough to neutralise a large share even of the success that is claimed.

Unfortunately, the Missionary Societies, whose officials are generally voluble enough, do not set themselves to meet this very obvious difficulty. Instead of doing this, they take to the more easy, if not over ingenuous, expedient of calling names. The objector is a sneerer, a scorner, a sceptic—in short, an unconverted person, on whom it would be almost improper to bestow further notice. That we may not be supposed to be caricaturing the logic of one at least of these gentlemen, we give an extract from a queer performance purporting to be a "Sermon preached at St. Bride's," Fleet Street, before the Church Missionary Society, on Monday evening, May 5th, 1862, by the Rev. John C. Ryle, B.A.:—

Who does not know that there is around us a generation of men who regard heathenism and idolatry with apathy, coolness, and indifference? They care nothing for missions. They see no necessity for them. They take no interest in the evangelistic work of any church or society. They treat all alike with undisguised contempt. They despise Exeter Hall. They never give subscriptions. They never attend meetings. They never read a missionary report. They seem to think that every man shall be saved by his own law or sect if he is only sincere; and that one religion is as good as another, if those who profess it are only in earnest. They are fond of decrying and running down all missionary operations. They are constantly asserting that modern missions do nothing, and that those who support them are little better than weak enthusiasts. Judging by their language, they appear to think that the heathen receive no benefit from missions, and that it would be a better way to leave them entirely alone. What shall we say to these men? They meet us on every side. They are to be heard in every society. To sit by, and sneer, and criticize, and do nothing—this is apparently their delight and vocation. What shall we say to them?

With the expression of just a faint feeling of regret that a man who was once an Oxford "first" should, after a course of five-and-twenty years' tract-writing, have sunk to this servile imitation of the late lamented "Rev. Chadband," and with a passing sense of the absurd when we are gravely told that a light estimate of Exeter Hall involves a disbelief in one of the Thirty-nine Articles, we should be apt to think that nothing can be clearer than what "we" should say, and (if the gainsayers be sought like as numerous as they appear to be) that the sooner it is said the better. Mr. Ryle should set to work at once, get up his facts, and show that these Sadducean recalcitrants are mistaken. Not a bit of it, however. "Let us tell them plainly," he says, "if they will only hear us, that they are utterly opposed to the Apostle St. Paul"—i. e. are, as we said, unconverted people, quite beneath the notice of the self-elect. We doubt whether this is at all likely to satisfy the outsiders. There are, very possibly, persons who care nothing about the heathen, either at home or abroad; but we must take leave to tell this good man, whose libel would be gross if it were not grotesque, that there are hundreds and thousands of persons who recognise the duty of spreading Christianity quite as fully as he does, and perhaps, in their own neighbourhoods, do so quite as efficiently, though with a little less splutter, who yet feel that our present mission work is very largely a mistake, our Missionary Meetings almost a farce, and our peripatetic Chadbands a periodical nuisance.

One of the great causes of the unreality of our present mission work, and of the small hold it has on the mind of our country and age, we take to be this very deputation and meeting apparatus. The burthen of the song is perpetually cash. We once heard a Northern Canon put the animus of the modern Missionary Society with an involuntarily pithy *naïveté*, when he wound up a prosy speech with the odd climax:—"And now let us say a word in conclusion, on the blessing of God on the Society—that is, of course, the state of the funds." If we remember rightly, the divine blessing, thus gauged, had been by no means vouchsafed of late in satisfactory measure, and a considerable increase was earnestly requested out of the pockets of the audience—which, according to the canonical logic, constituted, *pro hac vice*, the *præsens Deus* of the benedictory apparatus. This is not the way to get even money; while it is exactly the way to alienate men. These latter, when they are told that they are "utterly opposed to the Apostle St. Paul" (a phrase, by the way, which rather resembles an illiterate tradesman's address to "Mr. Smith, Esquire"), may fairly answer that they cannot readily imagine St. Paul starring it in the provinces as a "deputation," and professing point-blank that he seeks "not you, but yours." We venture to say that if all the deputation work were cut away, with its enormous expense, and the missionary work of the Church performed as a natural and necessary function of the whole body (for if a body has a function at all, its primary one is manifestly to grow), if the duty were impressed upon people rather oftener than at the annual meeting, and made one among the objects of people's habitual charity, the whole thing would wear a different aspect in a twelve-month. The stupid rivalry of clashing Societies, each with its pet "sphere" and interesting varieties of "dear heathen," would be at an end, thousands of pounds would be saved, and the hired advocacy of a few inflated spouters consigned to its natural obscurity. We venture to say also that few people feel more acutely than the better sort of speakers at these meetings the unfortunate necessity which mixes them at times with very heterogeneous associates; and we venture further to say that few days in the year are less welcome to the parish clergyman than that on

which he is compelled to stand godfather to some unsavoury "deputation" or other.

We fear we must add that his qualms are considerably increased if the deputation indicted on him happens to be a missionary. If he really cares about the thing, he has been patiently indoctrinating his people for a twelvemonth with the ideal missionary, and it is uncomfortable to present them at the end of it with the actual one. *Punch's* pair of pictures, confronting the Parisian and poetic *Milord Maire* with the pursy and prosaic fact, represents his feelings with painful exactness, while the audience are mentally (if unconsciously) meditating whether, after all, it is worth subscribing much to send out nothing better than that sort of specimen. The average missionary is, we fear, not an interesting character. The very system of our societies almost forbids it. It is one of married men, salaries, and comfortableness. A young man with a certain amount of enthusiasm, with no particular prospects at home, and with a strong desire to be very quickly married, is quite up to the ordinary level of the men who offer themselves. Then come all the squabbles about outfit, passage-money, furlough, and conveyance of children to and fro, which form so large (though unrevealed) a portion of every Society's daily work, and which make the officials as sceptical at times about the whole affair as Mr. Ryle's well-abused Sadducees. There is something oleaginous and unapostolical throughout—from the *non olet* of liberal contributions, whencesoever got or howsoever, to the greasy platitudes of the deputations and the chaffering of missionaries about their comforts and perquisites. The process is as expensive as it is disagreeable. It is, to say the least, unsatisfactory to find that an income of more than 130,000*l.* a year enables the Church Missionary Society to employ no more than 200 English and 70 native clergy. A large number of "native teachers" is added, no doubt, chiefly in India; but native teachers are fed and paid much as native servants are, of which latter everybody keeps some twenty or thereabouts, at no serious injury to his income. And it is not less unsatisfactory to discover that the expense of deputations, printing, and other home charges amounts to 16,000*l.* The better-managed Society for the Propagation of the Gospel maintains 450 missionaries upon 112,000*l.*, with a home expenditure of only 11,500*l.*; and it has the merit of requiring, with increasing strictness, that Colonial Churches, after a certain period of nursing, shall support themselves. It has also the credit of having recently adopted a thoroughly intelligible method of presenting its accounts. But even here the home expenses are far too large. And no doubt, so long as the existing system prevails, large they must remain. An object not primarily interesting to the mass of men must be forced upon their notice, and a mode of attaining that object which does not exhibit on the face of it any very visible signs of adaptation to its end requires an extra amount of eloquence. Both Societies are about equally afflicted with the heavy expenditure that arises out of the missionaries' wives and children.

We are given to think that, if the means were more rationally adapted to the professed object, they would, in the first place, be more likely to attain it; and, in the next, the success would be better able to speak for itself without so much expensive oratory to prove it. We shall, no doubt, be put down as persons "utterly opposed to the Apostle St. Paul" if we recommend the Societies to seek for missionaries among people disposed to follow his example; but we cannot help thinking that St. Paul's labours would have been materially crippled if he had carried about with him a wife and children, and been obliged to tax the Church at home for outfits and the like. There are plenty of good and laborious men who, from temperament, are able to follow his precedent, and who, for love of souls, would do so. And in countries like India, Africa, &c., we are much inclined to think that a missionary colony—consisting not only of clergymen, but including also doctors, schoolmasters, and handicraftsmen suited to the work of the country, setting St. Paul's example of labouring with his hands while he preached the Gospel—might be maintained for the sum which now goes to the support of the missionary and his family, and would be a very much more effective instrument of evangelization. People somehow are not converted to Christianity—at least people who are worth converting—by seeing how comfortably other people get provided for by professing it. In truth, we imagine that the spectacle is not generally found, in practice, to be at all an edifying one. There must be more visible self-denial than is involved in a gentleman's coming from a distance to a place which is, to the people to whom he preaches, *home*. Those who live there naturally fail to see the self-sacrifice involved in the operation, especially when it enables the devotee to live, on the whole, a very much more easy life than, for the most part, they do themselves. Let us not be misunderstood. We wish, not to diminish, but very materially to enlarge the ability of the English Church to perform her manifest duty to the heathen. We simply desire that in doing this she should recur to the methods sanctioned by the example of the Apostles, and by the successful practice of the missionaries of the early ages.

#### ENGLISH FARMING AS A TRADE.

THE rapidly-increasing depopulation of Ireland is rendering the question of the profitability of agriculture, as an investment of capital, more than ever interesting to those who have studied the sources of national wealth and strength. When the mischiefs wrought by priests, parsons, and politicians upon the

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impulsive and helpless Celtic nature have come to their natural end, and Ireland possesses no larger a population than London and its suburbs, people will begin to ask seriously what is to be done with the land that the emigrants have left behind them. English capital and English energy, it is at present assumed, will immediately be brought into play. The surplus peasantry of England will simply cross the Irish Channel instead of the Atlantic, and large fortunes will be made by Britons where Irishmen found only poverty and ruin. As the evil day seems hastening on apace, it is perhaps not too soon to inquire a little in detail as to the probability of this rush of English and Scotch capitalists eager to turn from their accustomed methods of making money into the untried field of Irish agriculture. The dream is so pleasant that it is certain to find many believers in its reality. There is something so captivating in the notion of exterminating Popery and making one's fortune by the same process, that nothing but a clear exposition of the obstacles in the way of the scheme will suffice to prove its visionary character. These obstacles may be summed up in one short phrase. Farming in Ireland will not pay the capitalist in the same proportion in which ordinary business investments pay in England. It will not pay in Ireland, because it does not pay in England. Agriculture is the worst of all trades and manufactures as a means of making money, and therefore will never be adopted by that English and Scottish policy which is never content to make ten per cent. when twelve per cent. is a possibility.

In the first place, English agriculture is not a largely profitable business, because its laws and conditions of success are not yet determined with any certain accuracy. Though the oldest business in the world, it is yet, as an art founded on the experimental knowledge of natural law, absolutely in its infancy. It is practised, moreover, by a class of men in certain respects unlike those who are devoted to any other kind of trade, and at the same time not of a description to conciliate the confidence of the cautious man of business. It is the very paradise of dogmatists, enthusiasts, and slow-coaches, wherein they disport themselves or vegetate, each after his kind. Other manufactures seem to be carried on by persons exhibiting more or less one definite type. Cotton lords and iron-masters, paper-makers and gun-makers, and all the endless variety of men who fabricate the goods they wish to sell, seem to proceed steadily by one ascertained set of rules—advancing, when they advance, on a sure foundation of experience, and standing still, when they do stand still, from no dull or dogged disbelief in any virtues but those of their great-grandfathers and grandmothers. In the agriculture of to-day, on the other hand, all is to a certain extent confusion. The whole business, so far as it advances, like the art of medicine, is made up of little better than a series of tentative processes. Persons who converse much with doctors, or read the medical journals, are aware that every year has its new and fashionable drugs, its new and infallible treatments of old complaints, and its astonishing discoveries as to the rationale of disease. One doctor's experience flatly contradicts that of another. One finds the marvellous potency of the remedies of which he hears such wonders to be practically a dream. And just so in the cultivation of our fields. Every county has its infallible recipe for doubling crops, for economy in manure, for fattening beasts, and for filling the milk-pail. The fact is, we know very little more of the land we tread on than of the bodies we carry about with us. In each case our knowledge is so partial that we can never be sure that we are repeating a successful experiment under precisely similar conditions. Every field has its "idiosyncracies," and refuses to do what the deductions of chemists say it ought to do, and will do, and must do. You never can tell what effect will be produced on a man's constitution by any physic, until it is tried. We have heard of quinine producing no effect whatever except a violent eruption on the face. And just so you can never foretell what a field will grow best, what succession of crops it likes, or what manures it wants, except by long trial of every detail. Who could have guessed beforehand that the very best place in all England for growing lavender is the neighbourhood of Mitcham, in Surrey? Your learned societies, your farming clubs, your agricultural journals, and, still more, your enthusiastic newspaper letter-writers, fill you with the results of other men's experience in cases apparently similar to your own; but the moment you try to profit by your information, you find you have got to make all the experiments over again for yourself, and probably will have to modify every single conclusion at which other persons have arrived. No wonder then that, where so much is uncertain, steadiness and caution so often degenerate into dulness and bigotry, that the hopeful and energetic so often run wild in experimentalizing, and that every conceited dogmatist imagines that farmers have but to accept his nostrum in order to double their crops and halve their outgoings.

Other peculiarities in the agricultural business tend to increase the operation of the disturbing causes we have specified. For instance, it is the only trade which a "gentleman" will willingly follow. For any other manufacture to be "gentlemanly," it must be carried on upon a vast scale. The great London brewers are of one social rank, the little country beer-makers are emphatically of another. A marquis or an earl sells coals, in Durham, without derogation to the dignity of the peerage; but his trade has no sort of kinship with the business of a petty dealer in coals in the back street of the suburbs. Coals must be sold by hundreds of tons in order that the dealer's fingers may be white. In agriculture it is all different. A man may produce and sell wheat

and turnips, pigs and potatoes, in infinitesimally small quantities, send them to market, or personally haggle about the price, and be a companion for kings and princes notwithstanding. Nay, the very kings and princes themselves may send their porkers to the butcher, and—if they can—make a profit by the transaction. Hence hundreds of ardent gentlemen with more money than prudence, and more zeal than experience, enter into the farming trade, and galvanize the torpid bucolic mind into something like a love for progress and a belief in chemical laws. Sweet are the rankest ammoniacal odours in nostrils that would dilate only with contempt at the scent of calicoes; and delicately-preserved hands will nestle amid the well-covered ribs of a row of bullocks which would as soon handle a scavenger's broom as a packet of hardware in a shop.

At the same time it ought never to be forgotten that it is to the natural inborn taste which man has for agriculture, as distinct from every other means of making money, that English farming at the present moment owes its best chance of keeping its place among profitable occupations. But for the zeal, the expenditure, and the uncalculating experimentalizing of English gentlemen and noblemen farming on their own account, and intending to make a profit thereby, the agriculture of this country would be in an almost expiring state. If dukes did not love to trade in sheep, and covet prizes for their fat oxen, that whole social organization which gives its life to the farming world would never have been created. The conditions of agriculture are unfortunately such that, were it not for this natural passion for cultivating the land, farming would attract to itself even less than it does of that combination of hard-headedness and capital which lies at the root of manufacturing and commercial life. Chief among these unfavourable conditions is the fixed extent of the land the farmer rents. Whether we regard the soil as his raw material, or as his machinery and "plant," by its limitation in quantity it places the manufacturer of grain and meat in a position of special disadvantage. Whatever the demands of the farming interest, the extent of the land remains unchanged. The farmer is forced to compete with his fellows for the purchase of an article which by no possibility can be brought under the grand maxim of political economy which asserts that supply will follow demand. By this competition the landowner alone is benefited. Hence, while rents continually rise and must go on rising, farming profits stand still or actually diminish. Then, again, the farmer is compelled to complete all his outlay without the slightest knowledge of the probable condition of the market when his produce is ready for sale. All other manufactured articles are, to a great extent, prepared to order. The customer is usually ensured beforehand, and a price agreed upon. If the market is glutted, it is by the voluntary act of the producer, who can limit or extend his manufacture at his own discretion. But the farmer can do nothing of the kind. He aims at the utmost possible produce, but the chances of the seasons, and of disease among his herds and flocks, defy all calculations, and when he has done his best he must take his chance of the prices his goods will fetch. A fortnight's high wind at blossoming time will cut off thirty, forty, or fifty per cent. of his corn crops, while the gales that devastate his fields are perhaps unfelt in the countries whose produce will flood the markets after harvest. Just now, indeed, there is in some quarters a growing notion that the English farmer should cease to look to his wheat for profit, and think only of his bullocks and his sheep. Doubtless, just now, meat is dear and wheat is cheap, but this is only the result of one of those combinations of circumstances which it is impossible to foresee. As a rule, nothing pays worse, in corn-growing districts, than the manufacture of beef. There is an old farming proverb, that he who fats many bullocks will never need to make a will. We have before us the published experience of one of the best and most scientific of Gloucestershire agriculturists, who positively prides himself on sometimes clearing a sovereign or so upon the sale of a fatted beast. It is forgotten, by those who are all for beef as against wheat, that the whole of England does not consist of Lincolnshire and Somersetshire pastures. They might as reasonably ask why all England does not make Cheshire or Cheddar cheese. Nor has the ordinary reader any adequate idea of the extent to which the flock is devastated by disease in unfavourable seasons. He reads of the large quantities of unwholesome food brought surreptitiously into the London markets, and wonders that the dealers can be such scoundrels as to sell it. But he is little aware of the temptation offered to those who are brought to the verge of ruin by the various complaints to which sheep are subject. Everybody has heard of the "rot" in sheep, but how many know that in the year 1830 upwards of 2,000,000 of sheep perished from that disease alone? Ten years ago the same scourge swept away immense numbers, both in the undrained and the healthier districts. In the autumn and winter of 1860 the deaths were again enormous. In many instances flock-masters near London lost 600 or 700 in a few weeks. One owner saved only 40 or 50 out of 800 ewes. In Devonshire, and in the sheep-feeding Surrey and Sussex farms, five-sixths of the sheep and lambs were, in many cases, cut off. The same disease prevails on the Continent, from Norway to Spain, and has thinned many a flock in America and Australia as fatally as in Europe. In Egypt it is said to destroy not less than 16,000 sheep every year. A further difficulty attends the fattening of sheep and oxen for the market, in the fact that, unless sold the moment they are ready, they become straightway the cause of daily loss. An animal that is ready for the butcher cannot, as a rule, be made to grow beyond the profitable size once attained, to any such extent as will pay for its additional keep. There is nothing like this

in any other manufacture. Goods unsold can be retained by their owner for the chance of a better market. They cost nothing to feed and to tend; but sheep and oxen not disposed of rapidly eat up every possible farthing of profit from their unlucky proprietor.

Such are some of the obstacles which stand in the way of farming as a highly profitable trade. No doubt all manufactures are subjected to certain parallel difficulties, but they are so in a far less degree. And the result is only too clear. Long-headed business men never invest their capital in agriculture with a view to insuring large returns as interest for their money. It is true that they work harder in their several occupations than the farming world. No money-makers work so few hours in the day, or spend so much of their time in gossiping, in eating and drinking, in driving about the country and pretending to transact business at markets, as does the English farmer. But the fact remains the same—that, while farming allows a degree of personal liberty and a license in jollification to its votaries which would ruin any other manufacturing or commercial men, all the austerity and toils of the ordinary trader would fail to drive up the interest on invested capital to a figure more tempting in the eyes of those whose rule of life it is to buy in the cheapest and to sell in the dearest market.

#### THE MHOW COURT-MARTIAL.

THE history of the Mhow Court-Martial has lately been told by a practised writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* with characteristic vivacity, and by a much less agreeable author in a Blue-book containing about 150 folio pages closely printed. As we are, in the course of a few days, to be favoured with a repetition of the proceedings, which in India lasted no less than twenty-six days, and as the newspaper controversies on the subject have gone to a length which have considerably obscured and overlaid it, it may be worth while to give our readers such an outline of the case as will enable them to understand the matters in issue. The excessive keenness of "J. O.'s" attack upon Colonel Crawley—an attack made on a man who is on the eve of taking his trial before an appropriate legal tribunal—makes it an act of justice to Colonel Crawley to do this in a rather quieter spirit than that which his most formidable antagonist has thought fit to adopt.

Captain Smales, late Paymaster of the Inniskilling Dragoons, was tried at Mhow on a charge which, in a civil court, would have been described as one of libel against his commanding officer, Colonel Crawley. The trial began on the 1st of April, and ended on the 27th of June, 1862; but a considerable part of this long interval was taken up by adjournments, made at the request of the prisoner himself; and, indeed, the Court appears to have sat on twenty-seven days only out of nearly three months over which its sittings were spread. The libel, as to the authorship of which there was no question, was contained in the concluding part of a long letter addressed by Captain Smales to Colonel Crawley, on the 26th of February, 1862. The early part of the letter is occupied by remonstrances against, and explanations of, complaints made against the writer by the Colonel. The latter part of it consists of a retort on the Colonel himself, charging him with three different offences against military law or usage, namely—

- 1st. Being "almost systematically absent" from the monthly muster of the regiment.
- 2nd. Signing the Adjutant's roll containing a declaration of presence, notwithstanding his absence.
- 3rd. Using "harsh and unusual" language to the officers of the regiment, and, in particular, expressing "regret that the days of duelling were not in existence."

This letter Captain Smales refused to withdraw except upon certain terms, and he was brought to a Court-Martial for writing it on the ground that it was an act of insubordination, and that each of the charges which it contained was false and malicious. Before the case was heard, he bitterly complained that the course of proceeding adopted put him at a great disadvantage. He contended that, before any Court-Martial could be held, there ought, in the first instance, to have been a Court of Inquiry, which should have acted as a kind of grand jury, having the evidence produced before it, and deciding whether Colonel Crawley should be tried on the charges preferred by the Paymaster, or the Paymaster for having preferred those charges. Before such a Court, he argued, both he and Colonel Crawley would have been heard, in the first instance, on equal terms; whereas the effect of holding a Court-Martial without a preliminary Court of Inquiry was to shut the prisoner's mouth, whilst the prosecutor had the opportunity of telling his own story. To a civilian this appears reasonable, but it is fair to say that neither the Mhow Court-Martial nor Colonel Crawley are responsible for the course taken.

When the cause was tried, the real question at issue appeared to be, not whether the letter was insubordinate, of which there could be no doubt—the Commander-in-Chief in this country affirmed it, and even "J. O." admits the fact—but whether the charges made were false and malicious. The discussion of this question occupied nearly four weeks, during which period twenty witnesses were examined for the prosecution and twenty-two for the defence. According to the manner of Courts-Martial, the proceedings

embraced the whole history of Colonel Crawley's connexion with the regiment, and a considerable part of the history of the regiment itself for some years before his appointment to its command; but lengthy and confused as the proceedings were, and innumerable as were the skirmishes on particular points and the petty collateral issues which arose, the relevant matters of fact on two of the charges were short and simple enough, and the result of the evidence given was plain enough to any one who is accustomed to divide the wheat from the chaff on such occasions. Captain Smales's first charge against Colonel Crawley was that of "almost systematic absence" from the monthly musters of the regiment. In the course of the trial it gradually became pretty clear that the utmost that could be substantiated was unauthorized absence on two occasions—namely, on May 1, 1861, and January 1, 1862. There is, it must be owned, a good deal of difference between this and "almost systematic" absence; and this difference alone would certainly tend to fix upon Captain Smales the charge—not perhaps of falsehood and malice, in the popular sense of the words—but of having said more than he could prove against his commanding officer. Even as to these two instances, though there was a good deal of partisanship amongst the witnesses, there seems to have been much less real contradiction than a set of excited persons not accustomed to judicial investigations would suppose. We have not space to disentangle all the ins and outs of the evidence, and it would be insufferably tedious to do so; but it appears to us, on the whole, to be quite clear that, as to the muster of the 1st of May, the question is not one of fact, but of construction. It would seem that Colonel Crawley was not actually giving orders in uniform on the occasion, but that he was within a distance described by several witnesses as from forty to seventy yards from the regiment, in plain clothes, and on horseback. It is not for civilians to say whether this was a substantial compliance with his duties. His account of the matter is, that he had arrived to take the command of the regiment only a day or two before, that part only of his luggage had come, and that he had no undress uniform. To this it was replied that, the day before, he had appeared on parade in an undress uniform—to wit, a forage cap without a peak (which was noticed as something peculiar) and a scarlet stable jacket. Colonel Crawley rejoined, that he remembered nothing of the parade of the 30th of April; but he proved that, on the 29th of April, he had to borrow a sword and belt from one of the other officers, whence he argued that his uniform could not then have arrived. On the whole, it appears pretty plain that he was near the place in plain clothes, whatever that fact is worth.

As to the parade of January 1, 1862, it was conceded on both sides that Colonel Crawley was not there at first, and also that he came up when the muster was over. He asserted that in the interval he could see the muster from the barracks, where he was providing for the comfort of the troops (who had arrived the day before), and that he had ordered the sergeant-majors to attend him on that duty instead of going to the muster. The troop sergeant-majors all declared that they were at the muster; and Colonel Crawley replied that he had sent his orders to them through the quartermaster; that there were non-commissioned officers in the troop-rooms, and that he assumed that they were the troop sergeant-majors. The quartermaster swore that Colonel Crawley gave him no such order, and to this extent no doubt there is a contradiction, but hardly one which of necessity involves perjury on either side. A verbal order might be misunderstood or forgotten. Putting this part of the case at the best for Captain Smales, it appears that, after charging his Colonel with "almost systematic absence" from musters, he proved that he was once absent with a doubtful excuse. This is the broad result; but we cannot profess to give the precise effect of all the questions of credit and veracity which arose incidentally.

As to the second charge (that of falsely signing declarations of presence), the evidence is rather singular. At the foot of every muster-roll is an abstract showing the number of commissioned and non-commissioned officers of all ranks who were present or on leave, &c. at each muster. At the foot of this are two declarations as follows:—

We certify that the staff commissioned and non-commissioned officers are effective for the whole or intermediate time during the muster, as set down against their respective names in the roll.  
(Signed) ———, Commanding Officer.  
—————, Adjutant.

I do declare that I saw, at the time of taking the within muster-roll, the staff commissioned and non-commissioned officers borne upon this roll, excepting such as are absent or otherwise accounted for.

(Signed) ———, Muster Officer.

Attached to the roll are these forms—apparently endorsements:—

The muster for the month ended on the — of — was taken at —  
(Signed) ———, Paymaster.

We declare that we were present at the muster for the month ended on the — of —, and do hereby certify that the foregoing muster-roll is correct.  
(Signed) ———, Commanding Officer.  
—————, Adjutant.

The muster-roll for May asserts the presence of Colonel Crawley, and is signed by Captain Swindley, the acting paymaster. The muster-roll for Jan. 1, 1862, is not signed by the mustering officer, but is signed by Colonel Crawley. The other muster-rolls are signed by Captain Smales, and record the presence of Colonel



Crawley. Captain Smales therefore had to get over the fact that he himself had certified that he had seen Colonel Crawley present when he said he was absent. He did this by saying that he understood that the rolls recorded "who were effective, not who were on the muster parade," and that they "are prepared upon the responsibility of the commanding officer and in his office." This is certainly not the natural meaning of the form. On the other hand, it appeared that on one occasion, when Colonel Crawley was certainly absent on leave, he was returned as present, the roll being signed by Captain Weir as commanding officer. This diminishes the weight of the evidence of the rolls as to Colonel Crawley's presence on the disputed occasions; but on the other hand, if Captain Smales was right as to the true meaning of the roll, Colonel Crawley's signature to the endorsement did not assert his presence (in the common sense of the word) when he was absent. Thus the second charge against Colonel Crawley was not satisfactorily made out. Indeed, at all events, it was only a variation of the first charge. It fell of itself, if the first charge was not proved.

The third charge, as to harsh and unusual language addressed to the officers, stands on a different footing. "J. O.," with some ingenuity, picks out from different parts of the Blue-book a great variety of incidents, to which he adds some private information about a "moral and social question," as the witnesses call it (which seems to mean that Colonel Crawley took the part of some woman who had been divorced and remarried), and by weaving all this into a well-told story, exhibits Colonel Crawley in a sufficiently odious light. We cannot follow him in this path. It was admitted substantially that Colonel Crawley was very sharp in all matters of duty, and that he occasionally swore, and it was proved as clearly as possible that he was in the habit of treating everybody who had to do with him very roughly. It cannot be doubted that he and his regiment did not agree, and it is very possible that he was in fault. That he was so to a considerable extent is obvious, but he had his provocations. Notwithstanding the high reputation which the regiment had earned under Colonel Shute, some of the officers were clearly ill-conducted and insubordinate; and there undoubtedly were abuses and quarrels in the regiment, which Colonel Crawley may have treated injudiciously, but for which he was not answerable. His reply upon the whole case is highly characteristic. It is well and vigorously written, and shows much ability, but it is rather abusive. For instance, he says:—

The childish folly of such grievances would be laughable if they were not lamentable as showing the existence of vile motives on the part of those who urged such a child as Mr. Hardy then was to bring them forward.

Some parts of it are exquisitely naïve:—

In no single case can the most virulent of those brought forward as evidence assert that I ever "curst," or swore at, or otherwise denounced or consigned to perdition, or uttered imprecations against, any one, be he officer or soldier, under my command. The utmost they have been able to say is that I have said—"By God, gentlemen," &c.; "D—n my heart," &c.; "D—n me," &c.; but in no one instance can any one of them assert that I have ever uttered such a phrase as that for which Captain Weir required and obtained an apology, viz. "D—n your eyes, Captain Weir."

There is something very quaint in seeing a real live Colonel take credit for following the advice given in the old *Joe Miller*—"Don't damn my eyes, damn your own eyes." It is also amusing to see how instinctively Colonel Crawley recognises the fact that he is not under his own command.

Upon the whole, if we had been put in the place of the Court, our verdict as to Captain Smales would have been, on the first two counts, not guilty of falsehood or malice (in the popular sense), but guilty of making rash and insubordinate charges against his commanding officer, under provocation. As to the third count, not guilty.

As to the trial, there is nothing to be said in defence of it. The leaning of the Court was obvious, and was most indecently displayed; and we can only say Amen to the greater part of the criticisms of "J. O.," both on the particular Court and on the absurd system which administers it. He appears to us, however, to be somewhat too hard on a certain Lieutenant Bennett, who first swore that Colonel Crawley was at the May muster and then withdrew his evidence. The Court, however, had no right whatever to protect Bennett against the prisoner's criticisms—though those criticisms may have gone further than the occasion warranted. It is a monstrous iniquity in a judge to declare himself satisfied with the explanations of a man who comes and retracts his sworn testimony, before the judge has heard what the person affected by that evidence has to say on the matter; and it is quite as bad, if not worse, to reprove the prisoner sharply for strong expressions on the subject in his defence, before hearing evidence which may show that the witness was guilty, not of a mistake, but of wilful perjury.

As the question of the treatment of Sergeant-Major Lilley will form the principal subject of the Court-Martial to be held next week, we confine ourselves to simple extracts showing what Colonel Crawley did, and what he said in defence of himself. Lilley's evidence went to prove his absence from the muster of January, 1862:—

The prisoner begs most respectfully to draw the attention of the Court to, and permission to record, his protest against the proceedings of the prosecutor, in having summarily placed three of the prisoner's evidences in close arrest, with sentries over them—three of the most respectable non-commissioned officers in the regiment, namely, Regimental Sergeant-Major Lilley and Troop Sergeant-Majors Wakefield and Duval. The prisoner begs to seek the protection of the Court. If such proceedings go on, before prisoner has come near to the close of his defence he will have no witnesses to pro-

duce. Prisoner is given to understand that some part of the charge against one of the sergeants referred to is—having received some of the proceedings of this Court at a very recent date. Prisoner begs to record his assurance to the Court, that so far as he (the prisoner) is concerned he has in no way contravened the order given by the Court on the 7th instant, fifth day's proceedings. Prisoner would respectfully remark, that the prosecutor's own proceedings are in every way most unusual, and tend to give more publicity to the Court's proceedings than can be contemplated by the Court, for he (the prosecutor) has constantly employed an amanuensis, one of the prisoner's own evidences, long after that witness had been warned for the defence.

The Court is closed for the purpose of taking into consideration what the prisoner has urged in his protest, and is of opinion that it is beyond its province to deal with the matter. The non-commissioned officers alluded to are still available when required by the prisoner to give their evidence.

The nature of the arrest, and the facts connected with the death of Lilley, are well known. Colonel Crawley made the following observations in his defence. It is fair to say that Lieutenant Fitz-Simon denied their truth in so far as they concerned him. If Colonel Crawley can prove what he said, it is well for him. If he wilfully or heedlessly risked—and, as it happened, actually took—a man's life in order to suppress his evidence, no punishment that the law can inflict will be too severe. In the early part of his defence he said:—

With regard to the Regimental Sergeant-Major Lilley, and Troop Sergeant-Majors Wakefield and Duval, I put their evidence out of Court altogether, as they have all been guilty of a conspiracy against me, their commanding officer, and against my authority, as already reported to this Court, and his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, by whose orders the two latter still remain under arrest on this very charge of conspiracy against me and my authority.

He observes, at a later stage:—

There is but one more point in the evidence of the remaining witnesses for the defence to which I think it necessary to refer, and that is, to an act "harsh and unusual," as the prisoner styles it, but which, had I been guilty of it, or had any knowledge of it, would deservedly be termed an act of the greatest inhumanity on my part. I allude to the testimony of the late Sergeant-Major Lilley, as to a sentry being placed at the door of his bungalow, where his sick wife was lying. To understand the nature of this complaint, it will be necessary to explain the circumstances which took place regarding the arrest of Sergeant-Majors Lilley, Wakefield, and Duval, which, although known to this Court, are not so well understood by, probably, his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, and others who will peruse these proceedings. The Court will have in their remembrance the report I made to the President, on or about the 7th April last—[This report was made secretly, behind the back of the prisoner, and though the President publicly announced the fact that they had received the information referred to, he did not say from whom. See p. 14.]—on the subject of the communication to Sergeant-Major Lilley of the proceedings of this trial on the first three days, and the secret and clandestine manner in which the sergeant-majors had communicated them to several other non-commissioned officers with closed doors, and at a late hour of the night, thereby showing the guilty knowledge of the illegality and impropriety of the act they were committing. The President, on receiving this report from me, forbade the proceedings being made public any more until the case was closed, as such an extraordinary proceeding, he said, could only be intended to bias the minds of the witnesses on one side or the other, and thus prejudice the matter under investigation.

When this order became known to the non-commissioned officers concerned, Sergeant-Major Wakefield, who was one of them, swore a dreadful and sanguinary oath that he would "poison the man who gave the information, or in some other way make away with him, for he was not fit to live," and that "if he was called into Court and sworn, he would swear he had never seen the proceedings on the trial at all."

On Sunday, the 20th of April, being the day before the prisoner read the opening statement of his defence before this Court, a copy of it was supplied to Sergeant-Major Wakefield (who it will be recollected on his cross-examination by me on Friday, 9th May, stated, that he supposed the papers had come from the paymaster's bungalow), by whom it was given to Sergeant-Major Lilley, and handed on to Sergeant-Major Cotton, Sergeant-Major Moreton, and I believe other non-commissioned officers. I had certain information of all that was going forward among these non-commissioned officers, and on the night of Wednesday, 23rd April, the regimental Sergeant-Major Lilley made use of some of the most gross, opprobrious epithets respecting me, on the open barrack parade-ground, in the presence of several non-commissioned officers, that could well be imagined. It was not long before I was acquainted with this circumstance also, and I felt it my duty to acquaint the Major-General commanding the division with it, for the information of the Commander-in-Chief. A few days afterwards I obtained more precise information, which I considered would enable me definitely to bring home to the regimental Sergeant-Major and the others, his accomplices, the conspiracy in which they were engaged against me and my authority. I investigated the matter thoroughly, by the examinations of Sergeant-Majors Lilley, Moreton, Wakefield, and Duval, separately, in presence of three officers of the regiment, two of them being the captains of the troops to which two of the sergeant-majors belonged, and the third an officer who was casually at my house on business. The result of the investigation was, that I placed Sergeant-Majors Lilley, Wakefield, and Duval under arrest, on a charge of conspiracy against me, and that I obtained the sanction of the major-general commanding the division to place them in close arrest, to prevent their being tampered with, and also to prevent the carrying out of the sanguinary threat uttered by Sergeant-Major Wakefield on the former occasion.

Close arrest necessarily implies a sentry over a prisoner, but it does not necessitate his being placed over a prisoner's wife or family, and I can assure the Court that no person could be more shocked than I was when I learned from the evidence of Sergeant-Major Lilley that his wife had been incommoded or annoyed by the precaution taken for his safe custody. It was Lieutenant and Adjutant Fitz-Simon's fault if any such thing occurred, for it was his duty as adjutant to have seen the post assigned to the sentry, and to have taken care that no such improper interference with the privacy of the sergeant-major's wife could have taken place. As it was, immediately I became acquainted with the statement of Sergeant-Major Lilley, I sent off orders to have the sentry removed to a post where he could perform his duty equally well, without annoying or interfering with Mrs. Lilley.

With all the precautions, however, of having a sentry over him, Sergeant-Major Lilley did contrive to hold conversation and communication with a woman in the regiment, in contravention of the orders issued to the contrary.

\* Released this day, 7th June.

## FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

THE Registrar of Friendly Societies ought certainly to be satisfied with the amount of public attention that has been bestowed upon his last annual Report. The defects and abuses of these societies have been recently discussed with as much ardour as if they were a new discovery, whereas it is not yet ten years since a Committee of the House of Commons, presided over by Mr. Sotherton Estcourt, investigated the whole subject, and framed an Act of Parliament which, with some additions and amendments, affords a legal basis to such societies as think fit to avail themselves of its provisions. If it be desired to establish a Friendly Society upon sound principles, the office of the Registrar will furnish, not only a certificate of legality, but also forms of rules, tables of rates of contribution, and advice upon every point of difficulty. There can be no occasion to form, as has been suggested, an association for these purposes; but the labours of influential people might be advantageously directed to persuading their poorer and less enlightened neighbours, if they can, to avail themselves of the assistance and advice which it is the business of the Registrar to supply. The truth, however, is that Parliament some time ago decided that it would not compel Friendly Societies to be prudent, and attempts at persuasion must be gentle if they would not provoke resistance. The proposal to prohibit the existence of societies not duly registered has been frequently and zealously urged upon the Legislature, but without success. The inducements offered to registration are considerable, but they have not yet proved more than partially effective. It is supposed that at this moment there are about 20,000 Friendly Societies in England, of which not much more than half are registered. The Committee of the House of Commons which sat in 1854, instead of prohibiting unregistered societies, recommended that such societies, upon merely depositing a copy of their rules with the Registrar, should be allowed to enjoy some of the privileges which the Bill then before Parliament proposed to confer upon registered societies. A clause having this object was introduced into the Act, but it is remarkable that during the last year only nineteen societies have deposited their rules in order to obtain the benefit of it. A good deal has been said lately about the improvidence of the arrangements of Friendly Societies which undertake, as many of them do, to perform the business of assurance societies without regard to the rules upon which alone such business can be profitably conducted. It might appear, on hasty consideration of the subject, an easy thing to induce a Friendly Society to adopt rules which an actuary would approve. But the long experience of the Registrar has led him to a different conclusion. According to the law which prevailed when the Committee of 1854 was sitting, if a society had amongst its rules a provision for payment of annuities to members, it was necessary that the rules should be certified by an actuary. Mr. Tidd Pratt told the Committee that in many instances, when he had returned the rules to the society in order that they might be thus certified, they had been sent back to him with the provision for annuities struck out, so as to avoid the necessity for the certificate; "because, if they had obtained the actuary's certificate, he would not only have given his certificate with regard to the annuity, but he must have certified as to the contributions for sickness, &c." Mr. Tidd Pratt stated, with reference to a period governed by an earlier Act, that, out of 1,560 sets of rules sent to him within that period, 700 which he had returned for the actuary's certificate had never been sent back to him at all; so that 700 societies preferred to remain uncertificated rather than submit to conduct their business upon principles which an actuary would approve. It was, doubtless, under a sense of the futility of attempting to make men prudent by legislation that the framers of the Act of 1855 did not venture to go further in this direction than to provide that the Registrar should not grant a certificate to any society assuring annuities or superannuations unless the tables of contributions payable for such kind of assurance should have been certified by an actuary. But, as regards societies which are merely sick and burial clubs, their tables of contributions may be framed in whatever manner fancy may suggest. It is not a new discovery that such societies have a very precarious existence. As Mr. Tidd Pratt told the Committee, "experience shows that the major part of the common Friendly Societies generally see their end in twenty years." But during the twenty years, if the member is sick, he gets his allowance, and if he dies, there is money to bury him; and if he lives, and has good health, he cannot reasonably complain that he has derived no benefit from the society to which he has contributed. It is possible that the phrase "to enjoy good health," which one sometimes hears, had its origin in some locality where Friendly Societies provided with unusual liberality for the maintenance of their sick members. But, however that may be, the provision for sickness, including as it usually does attendance by the medical officer of the society, is highly valuable. Theoretically, these institutions are defective in organization, because all members, whatever be their ages, usually pay alike, whereas it is argued that a man of forty years of age is more liable to sickness than a man of twenty. Objectors urge that a man is likely to enter one of these societies at about twenty, and go on contributing for the twenty years which Mr. Tidd Pratt considers to be the average duration of life of a society, and then find it on the verge of dissolution just when he begins to need its help. But it may be answered that, unless the classes which maintain these societies

make unexampled progress in prudence and worldly wisdom, some new society may be expected to arise out of the ashes of the old one, in which the young men will receive the middle-aged upon equal terms, with the same uncalculating generosity that prevailed twenty years ago. After all, perhaps, prudence, like other good things, may be overdone; but certainly societies which meddle with life assurance can hardly have too much of it.

The most interesting part of the Registrar's Report is the correspondence which it sets forth as having passed between the Registrar and certain members of Friendly Societies, who object to the expenditure of a portion of their funds upon annual feasts and processions and monthly beer. The Odd Fellows, and the Foresters, and the Druids all came out very strong upon the occasion of the Prince of Wales' marriage, and the inexorable Tidd Pratt will not allow the expenses incurred by these illustrious and venerable brotherhoods in demonstrating their loyalty to be carried to account as pertaining to the management of the societies. The Registrar has obtained the late Attorney-General's opinion that such application of the funds of societies is illegal, and he has threatened to prosecute under the Act, if "liquors at monthly meeting," or "band at the anniversary" are attempted to be charged in next year's accounts. There is no disputing the proposition which Sir W. Atherton lays down, viz. that charges for feasting, processions, banners, ribbons, aprons, bell-ringing, &c. are entirely unconnected with the insurance and relief contemplated by the Act—unless, indeed, it could be contended that a clause which recites that "whereas many provident, benevolent, and charitable societies are formed for the purpose of relieving the physical wants and necessities of persons in poor circumstances" may be taken to contemplate the case of ordering dinner and beer for self and friends after an exhausting march round the town, or perhaps a vehement performance upon a brazen instrument of music for the more effectual solemnization of the wedding of the Prince of Wales. There is a dictum—not, indeed, to be found in a law report—that

The naked every day he clad  
When he put on his clothes—

which may possibly be thought to have some bearing upon the question raised by Mr. Tidd Pratt. But, admitting the Registrar to be right in his law, it is by no means certain that his policy is judicious. Doubtless it will have been imputed to him that he is robbing the poor man of his beer when he interdicts the outlay from the funds of a Friendly Society of 2d. per head per month "for the good of the house" where the society holds its meetings. If it be true that the publicans have originated many of these societies, that fact, however unpleasant, shows that their influence cannot safely be disregarded. Parliament might, if it had thought fit, have given Mr. Tidd Pratt power to offer to all Friendly Societies the alternative of prudence and temperance or suppression; but Mr. Tidd Pratt's power only extends to registered societies, and it may be feared that hasty attempts to establish a standard of management which is abstractedly desirable may increase the disinclination to registration which is already far too widely prevalent. The Registrar will certainly have the support of all intelligent friends of the working-classes in his endeavours to place Friendly Societies upon a sure foundation. In general, his efforts have been as judicious as they have been unwearied. Almost the only criticism that occurs upon his Report is, that it was scarcely necessary or proper to reprint at the public expense, in a blue book, articles which have appeared in various newspapers announcing and applauding the course which the Registrar had determined to adopt under the advice of the Attorney-General, for the eradication of the convivial element from the societies whose management he supervises. If the late Sir Joshua Jebb had reprinted in his reports all the articles that had appeared in newspapers upon prison discipline within a year, the abuse would have been too monstrous to escape notice. It is equally wrong in principle to do the same thing on a smaller scale. But there are other matters included in the Report, of which the utility is unquestionable. Thus it was well to give the utmost notoriety to the proceedings which lately took place at the Southwark Police Court, against the managers of the Perseverance Assurance Society, which appears to have been a mere contrivance for plundering the poor. Of the capital of this Society, stated in the prospectus to amount to 5,000*l.*, no vestiges could be discovered. The balance at the bankers named in the prospectus amounted only to 3*s.*, and had never exceeded 20*l.* The managers were with difficulty brought to face defrauded and indignant claimants, "in a small, dirty back room, full of tobacco smoke," and were compelled to admit that the concern was hopelessly insolvent.

The friends of the working-classes will do good service by helping to expose such frauds as this, and by endeavouring to direct attention to the superior advantages of Friendly Societies registered under the Act, and constituted on principles which the Registrar or any other lawyer and man of business would approve. The existing Acts were intended to afford, and probably do afford, all necessary legal facilities for forming and conducting Friendly Societies; and if any amendments or additions are desirable, Parliament would be ready to entertain the subject. It is easy to obtain suitable forms of rules and tables of contributions; and, in fact, there is nothing wanting for the establishment of a Friendly Society upon a secure foundation except members. To obtain support for such a society, it is necessary to use persuasion, and to wait patiently for results. The subject of Friendly Societies would be suitable for



a place in a course of what are called "lectures for working-men," if it were not for the fact that, at such lectures, speaking generally, one would be more likely to find in the room a dodo than a working-man.

## REVIEWS.

## THE HEIRESS AND HER LOVERS.\*

THIS is a novel of a slightly new kind, for it attempts to combine the characteristics of several branches of fiction. In the first place, it is the regular novel of fashionable life. There are all kinds of balls, dinner-parties, tournaments, banquets; there are crowds of dukes and marquises; there is the usual fashionable bully who always appears in this department of fiction; there are wicked lords and very wicked ladies; there are also sweet creatures with enormous properties, a taste for church building, and very high principles. In the next place, it is also a sensation novel. It is full of murders, suicides, adulteries, incests, people dashing themselves and others into chasms, women adroitly going up inaccessible cliffs and the sides of houses, illegitimate Irish children, banshees, and railway smashes. One young lady is literally born to die, for she has hardly made her appearance on the stage when she is at once killed in an express train. Lastly, it is also a reflective and philosophical novel. There is no disguise about the manner in which the instruction is brought in. A certain Aunt Mary is introduced, who keeps a journal, and the action of the story is stopped at frequent intervals to have extracts inserted from this repository of wisdom. We have just done a murder, when we are asked to turn our thoughts away and read Aunt Mary's views on Happiness. We just begin to understand that one of the heroes is at once a changeling, the issue of a double adultery, and in love with his own sister, when we are asked to revive our spirits by listening to Aunt Mary's conception of the causes and character of Protestantism. This is odd enough; but Lady Chatterton has hit on a still stranger device for giving an air of elevation to her book, and improving the minds of her readers. Every chapter throughout the three volumes is prefaced by a prose translation of some passage from a Greek play. Often a long fragment from a scene is translated, but more generally we have half a dozen or a dozen lines from one of the three great tragic poets. The effect is most grotesque, and would be more so only that human nature cannot persevere in the amusement, and prompts the reader to skip these wonderful slices of ancient poetry turned into English prose. In some remote way the subject of the extract may probably be connected with that of the chapter which follows. But the contrast between the sublimity of the preface and the levity and slightness of the sequel—between some tremendous passage about the wrath of the Gods and the strokes of fate and the waywardness of man on the one hand, and a little record of a frivolous conversation at a duke's ball on the other—is so great that we must either suppose Lady Chatterton to be without any sense of the ludicrous, or to have so strong a sense of it that she is willing to divert her readers at the expense of her own novel.

The effect of the combination she has adopted is not happy. The fashionable-novel part of her work is more rapid and pointless than even fashionable novels have a right to be, and it may be wondered how any one who has ever read even a translation of a Greek play can bear to write out seriously and painfully such revelations of absolute inanity as Lady Chatterton thinks typify the life of the English nobility. The sensation part of the book is equally a failure. Ladies seem to think that any goose can write a sensation novel. No mistake can be greater. Writing sensation novels is not a very high form of art, but it is a form of art requiring great natural aptitude, and wonderful ingenuity and industry. Lady Chatterton has no other plan for writing sensation novels than that of despising all probabilities and heaping together enormous crimes. It is true that Mr. Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon despise probabilities, and heap together crimes, but these are only the elements or rude materials of their art. By many minute details, by a complication of little events all bearing on a central fact, by a skilful evolution of the situation and feelings of the criminal, the general result is worked out; and we do not believe that even the most ingenious artists in this line can carve out a sensation novel without great care and thought, and a serious amount of real hard work. Lady Chatterton seems to think that crimes, if only there are enough of them, will somehow make a sensation by themselves. So she goes about like a bee, sipping at one infraction of the Decalogue after another, until she hopes she must have made what they call in shops real heather honey. The heiress marries early in the book, and her husband goes through the following history. He has had an illegitimate child by an Irish peasant girl, whose seduction he attributes to his brother in order that he may persuade the heroine to marry him. He has also been nearly marrying another lady, but he breaks off his engagement and marries the heiress, and his old love marries an aged peer. Directly after their respective marriages he and his old love renew their former attachment, and the consequence is that all the sons of the old peer are really the children of the hero. The

hero himself has two legitimate children by the heiress, but they are killed by his old acquaintance the Irish girl, who has gone mad, and thereby acquired the power of going straight up the side of a wall into anybody's bedroom. So he wants a son, and when his third legitimate child is born it is a daughter, but he changes this infant at once with his third illegitimate son by his old love, the wife of the Irish peer. He steals a will by which a large property was given away from him to his brother, and murders a man who knows that he has stolen it. Then the story moves on at a leap about twenty years, and the children of all these different personages are grown up. It will be observed that the thread of the story is that, as the authoress and the reader know, but as the people themselves are not supposed to know, all the children are really connected by the hero being father of every one of them. The hero's son by his adulterous connexion with the peeress falls in love with the hero's daughter by his own wife, and a general savage watch is kept over the whole party by the hero's illegitimate son by the Irish peasant girl. Most fortunately, when the hero's son proposes to the hero's daughter, his sister refuses him because she has already fallen in love with the poetry of the hero's brother's son, a young gentleman who, while an undergraduate at Oxford, writes a poem called "King Alfred," which at once makes him the idol of London society. The hero's illegitimate son by the peasant girl ultimately reveals his father's secret, drives his father to suicide, and turns his illegitimate half-brother by the adulterous peeress out of his inheritance in favour of the hero's legitimate daughter and this young poet, who are happily married, and have about a hundred thousand a year.

But then, with Lady Chatterton, fashionable novels, and sensation novels, and mixtures of them, are only means to an end. They are only the sugar in which the medicine is concealed. The real novel, the object and final purpose of the sham novels, is the instructive and reflective and philosophical novel. Is she not perpetually recalling us from all this high life and this world of adulterous peeresses and incestuous love-making to the serene and pure heights of Greek plays? If any readers really went through these interspersed translations, they would have a store of sententious maxims on the conduct of life which would set them up for a year. But the instruction given by the fragments of Greek plays is nothing compared to that conveyed by Aunt Mary's journal. The burden of that lady's philosophy is, that the modern world is going to rack and ruin; that it is getting bold, irreligious, and corrupt; that the young ladies, more especially, are without principles or manners, and that nothing can save them and all of us except a return to Catholicism. Aunt Mary is always pointing out how much happier and better every one was before the Reformation. She is especially strong on the point that Protestantism means protesting, and that there has been enough of protesting by this time. Aunt Mary, in fact, has arrived at the conclusions which twenty years ago used to be advocated in High Church novels—conclusions in which there may have been a certain amount of truth, although that amount is about as well ascertained now as the value of the Reform Bill or the advantages of religious toleration. It is true that Aunt Mary puts her simple creed in a different way, for she clothes it in quotations from the tragic poets and from Richter. But, so far as we understand her, she thinks that all the wickedness and deterioration of the rising families of English society is due to their faith being unsettled. If only they would but see the beauties of Catholicism, they would not care for Bishop Colenso and the *Essays and Reviews*. On one occasion she even goes further than this, and offers a special and private aid to Faith of her own contrivance. It appears that she once looked through a microscope and saw a quantity of those horrible insects that people do see in microscopes. One monster actually grew before her eyes; and if this small animal grew so much faster than she expected, why, she argues, should not the terrestrial globe have grown much faster than geologists think likely? With such arguments, and Richter, and an English version of the Greek tragic poets, she is prepared to meet all difficulties, and to set the rising generation quite straight again if only it would allow her.

When in real life we meet a woman who thinks and talks as Lady Chatterton thinks and writes, we are often very much pleased with her. It seems natural that a lady should not know much about theological argument, nor care for it, and that she should never ask herself, before she condemns a thing, whether it is or is not true. Catholicism, or the sham Catholicism of fashionable society, may sit gracefully on her; and we are at once astonished, amused, and pleased if she shows that she knows something of such outlandish subjects as Richter and Greek plays. As a woman and an acquaintance, she may very possibly hold a place from which we should be very sorry she should be disturbed. But if she composes a novel in order to express her sentiments and promulgate her opinions, we have to look, not at the person who writes, but at the general character of what we find written. And we can get no solid comfort or satisfaction, nor see any reasonable hope of improvement for the world or the young ladies in it, from such vague, arbitrary prophesying as Lady Chatterton indulges in. We are not, in the first place, at all prepared to admit that English society is, on the whole, getting worse. We should like to have the exact date when such writers as Lady Chatterton think society was good. We look in vain for an answer to this question in her pages. She says that her story is laid at a time when English society hailed young poets with delight, and when there was not the barrier between

\* *The Heiress and her Lovers*. A Novel. By Georgiana Lady Chatterton. London: Bentley. 1863.

literature and good society that there is now. But it appears from the journals of Aunt Mary that, precisely at the time when Lady Chatterton's undergraduate Apollo took London by storm, Aunt Mary was criticising *Essays and Reviews*. So that the golden age could only have been two or three years ago. If, however, we treat this as a slip of the pen, and suppose that Lady Chatterton really means to paint the society of, perhaps, thirty years ago, we may point to her own picture of that society, and ask whether a social epoch when so many horrors were coming off was more of a golden age than our own. But even if society were really getting worse—and we freely own that there are many faults to be found in it—we cannot understand how any woman could possibly conceive that a book like this would make the world better. Of all unsatisfactory instruments for the reformation of fast young ladies, we should conceive that a tale of adultery, murder, and incest, pervaded with the overflowings of a moonshiny Catholicism, would be about the most futile. No one can read this book without seeing that the writer earnestly desires to do good. But people who wish to do good are often among the most incomprehensible of mankind, and it is wonderful to think that Lady Chatterton should have set herself to benefit her sex by composing a book which every mother of a prudent and delicate mind would carefully keep from her daughter.

#### THEODORE PARKER ON SLAVERY.\*

THE publication of the fifth volume of the new edition of Theodore Parker's works is very opportune. It contains the first instalment of his discourses on slavery, the subject to which he directed greater attention than to any other practical matter of which he had occasion to treat. It is curious to see how the matter presented itself to the most distinguished man by far of the theoretical school of Abolitionists. Theodore Parker was, perhaps, on the whole, the most vigorous and original theological writer produced by the United States since the Declaration of Independence, unless, indeed, Dr. Channing forms an exception. He went very far indeed beyond the limits of what is usually considered as orthodox speculation on either side of the Atlantic; but, with that thin fervour which is so eminently characteristic of Americans in general, he substituted for the common types of dogmatism a dogmatism of his own, even more positive and unyielding than that from which he revolted. He took the high *a priori* road to all his beliefs, and laid down the fundamental doctrines of his creed, not merely as being true, but as being first truths resting on their own evidence, and requiring no other proof at all in order to command the belief of all the unprejudiced part of mankind. In a former article we made some observations on the general theological conclusions in which this habit of mind landed him. The present volume supplies an admirable illustration of the strength and the weakness of the same temper as applied to morality. Perhaps no other modern writer has given such an instructive illustration as he of the consequences which must always be produced by the attempt to put morality on a transcendental basis, and to draw practical inferences from the theory so laid down. In reading Theodore Parker, we can understand the spirit by which the extreme Abolitionist party appears to be actuated in the present crisis; and, on the other hand, by looking at the temper of the Abolitionist party, we can form a fair notion of the consequences of that mode of speculation in which their chief theoretical leader was so eminent.

Theodore Parker's view of morality is constantly repeated in different parts of the present volume, and may be thus stated. God made the universe, both material and moral, and—

Of course, if the universe be thus made, there must be power and force enough of the right kind in it to accomplish the purposes of God; and this must be true of both parts of the universe, the world of matter and the world of man.

Now, there are certain natural modes of operation of these forces and powers which God has put in the universe; the natural powers of matter and of man are meant to act in a certain way, and not otherwise. These modes of operation I will call laws, natural laws; they exist in the material world and in the human world. They are a part of the universe.

He then proceeds to explain that the material world perfectly obeys its laws, but that with men it is otherwise. Man has a conscience, of which the function is "to inform us of the moral ideal, to transfer it from God's mind to our mind; to inform us what are the natural modes of operation, the rules of conduct in our relation with other men." This function it discharges either by instinct or by reflection. Reflection and instinct between them somehow make up a moral ideal which is constantly improving from age to age, and is more or less reflected in human laws, or—as Parker, to mark their inferiority, calls them—statutes. One of the principal laws of God in relation to men is that all men have certain inalienable rights, of which personal liberty is one of the most important. This, like other divine laws, overrides all human laws whatever, destroys the moral obligation to obey them, and even imposes a moral obligation to disobey them. So far does Parker carry this theory that he distinctly, and at considerable length, maintains that a jurymen ought to govern his verdict, not by the law of the land, but by his private conscience; that, if he objects to capital punishment, he has a moral right, not only to refuse to serve on a jury which is to try a man for his life, but to serve on it and acquit the prisoner in the face of the evidence; and generally that he has

a right to paralyse in this way any and every law, and every particular application of the law, which appears to him unjust. As to slavery, that, of course, is utterly wicked and abominable. No matter what may be the law of the land, no matter what authority may be pleaded in favour of such an institution, it is contrary to the natural, inalienable, imprescriptible rights of man. To such a writer, the principles of the Declaration of Independence are of course infinitely truer than most parts of the Bible; and the references to them, and to the petty skirmishes at Lexington and elsewhere which began the War of Independence, are so frequent and so noisy that the very names of the places get to be a weariness and vexation of spirit.

The weak side of this sort of theory has been so frequently shown that a very short reference to the points of the well-worn controversy will be sufficient. Nothing can be more obscure than the principles of the system, or more arbitrary than their application. That its principles are obscure will be obvious to any one who tries, in good faith, and without using words in all sorts of different senses, to understand what Parker means by a law. If the law of gravitation is a law of God, there is nothing like it in the moral world. If the Ten Commandments are laws of God, there is nothing like them in the material world. That the application of the principles is arbitrary is apparent from the fact that, what with instinct to help reflection and reflection to bolster up instinct, anybody may make anything he likes into an eternal law. If the slave-owner said that slavery is a useful institution, Parker could answer that instinctive morality shows its enormity. If the slave-owner said that his instincts are all in favour of slavery, Parker could reply that reflective morality proves the falsehood of those instincts. The truth is that all such theories, when properly examined, are reducible to one form:—"I give you my word that this is true, and you ought to be satisfied with my assertion." To considerate persons accustomed to measure their words, and not inclined to say more than they can stand to, this way of speaking is exceedingly unwelcome. There is something puerile in heaping up piles of words about absolute, infinite, eternal, inalienable rights. They do not really strengthen a statement. They are only ways of saying, "I, the writer, am very much in earnest about all this, I think this or that view of the matter infinitely important, and this or that other view of it monstrously absurd." This may be all very well as far as it goes, but it goes a very little way. It proves only that a particular man takes a particular view very earnestly, whatever that may be worth.

This sort of language, however, has its use like other things. It is a singular fact that the great bulk of mankind will not attend to particular facts unless they are thrown into an abstract shape, even though the abstract shape really adds nothing at all to the particular facts which are described by it. To say that slavery is equally injurious to the master and the slave, that it wastes money, wastes labour, destroys most of the beauty of life, and leads to great occasional cruelty, and habitually to disgusting and degrading immorality, may be, and indeed is, quite true; but, for some reason or other, such statements do not impress people half so much as the vehement assertion that it is a horrible sin, an atrocious crime, a violation of the inalienable rights of man—all which in reality means the same thing over again. The difference between the two statements is, that the specific one admits of, and indeed invites and provokes, discussion. If it is either exaggerated or false in fact, it may be refuted or cut down to its proper dimensions. The general statement, on the other hand, admits of no degrees. You may agree with it or not; but it is not easy to refute a man who appeals ultimately to his own instincts, and the question cannot be considered, under any circumstances, as a question of degree. Exactly in proportion to the degree in which such language is ill-suited for discussion it is well-suited for denunciation, and in certain states of public feeling no doubt denunciation is highly useful. When a crying evil is established by law, and goes on from generation to generation, people are fatally apt to come to look upon it as not being an evil at all; and no extravagance, either of language or of conduct, into which the Northern Americans may be at present betrayed, ought to blind us to the fact that for some sixty years the nation, as a whole, showed a degree of indifference to the existence amongst them of negro slavery, which every good and honest man must have regarded with disgust. There is no inconsistency between a dislike for Parker's way of expressing himself about absolute rights, and eternal laws, and other such matters, and a strong opinion that, after all, the feelings of which that language were the expression did him the highest honour. He saw—and proved by evidence which, though not perhaps very novel, is unanswerably cogent—that all the interests of the United States, moral and material, were fearfully injured by slavery; and he had the courage to express that opinion in marvellously forcible language, at a time when it required considerable courage to do so. He had also an undoubted claim to the great merit of having taught his countrymen a lesson which they and most other populations are apt to forget with fatal ease—namely, that there is such a thing as moral responsibility for the general character of institutions as well as for particular acts, and that those who contribute to the establishment or support of an institution selfish, degrading, and pernicious to the souls and bodies of millions of men, incur a responsibility which is perhaps all the greater because it does not involve any positive act generally considered wrong and odious. This is a merit which ought to

\* *Theodore Parker's Works*. Vol. V. London: Trübner & Co. 1863.

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outweigh the evils of a great deal of objectionable metaphysics and occasionally violent language.

It must, however, be admitted that the advantages of this kind of language are confined to times of apathy. It may be useful for the purpose of startling indifferent people out of their stupid contentment with any state of things which does not actually and sensibly inconvenience themselves; but it is a terrible thing when the men who use it are at the head of a majority, with all but irresistible power in their hands. It makes men savage and cruel fanatics, willing to sacrifice everything else in the world to their own theories. Theodore Parker was one of those men who show to the best advantage as confessors, not to say martyrs. He was just the person to protest against an iniquity, to refuse to submit to it, to call God to witness that it is an iniquity not to be endured or even passively witnessed; but he, and men like him, are awful people to turn loose upon sinners. The tender mercies of the righteous are not particularly humane; and, of all the righteous men from whom one would wish to be delivered, hardly any can be so terrible as that particular kind of righteous man who, by the help of a set of innate ideas and an omniscient conscience, finds himself in possession of infallible criteria by which he can always be assured that it is his most sacred duty to gratify to the utmost his strongest antipathies.

#### TWO BOOKS OF VERSE.\*

THE appearance of verse-collections like *Præterita* and the *Poems* of S. H. F. is suggestive of several curious reflections. In the first place, the number of minor poems now written and published separately is, we believe, greatly in excess of what it has ever been before. The magazines contribute a fair share of sonnets and verses; but, without our enumerating (as might easily be done) a surprisingly long list of names, it will be also generally admitted that a host of such writings are being constantly thrown upon the public in the more permanent form of books. These books notoriously do not sell well. "Sermons, sir," said the travelling bookseller to Parson Adams—"sermons, I must inform you, are a mere drug." And we should imagine that most publishers are candid enough to inform the would-be author in the present day that, next to sermons, minor poetry must be regarded as the most narcotic production possible. The bookseller in Fielding's tale makes a pointed exception in favour of sermons by "Weasley or Whitfield, or some such other great man, as a bishop or those sort of people;" adding that "he was no enemy to sermons but because they don't sell; for he would as soon print one of Whitfield's as any farce whatever." Similarly, no doubt, a series of poems by Mr. Spurgeon or Dr. Cumming, or even by Blondin or M. Nadar, would command a rapid and extensive circulation. But, in point of fact, the excessive number of pretty anthologies that find their way to the light just now is very far in excess of the number of writers enjoying such high previous claims to consideration as those we have mentioned. We are reduced, therefore, to regard these books as indicating an increased, and perhaps increasing, body of persons who, discarding the notion of profit, find delight or pastime in writing verses, and in letting ever so small a section of the public see what they have written.

But though the bulk of these volumes may be, as the bookseller expresses it, a drug, yet hardly less surprising than their large number is the high degree of mere literary merit to which many of them attain. Setting one thing against another, their general standard is a much higher one than was reached by the minor poets of the last century, or perhaps of any former period of our literature. Mr. Lancaster, in particular, quite takes one's breath away here and there by showing how excessively well poetical writing may be done by a composer who, after all, has not the root of the matter in him. For it is to be observed that, rapidly as books of meritorious verse increase and multiply, instances of real genius—of sound, unmistakable creative power—do not by any means increase at a corresponding rate. It is a proposition which hardly admits of close investigation, but one which has probably been always true, that an age productive of very many poetasters gives birth to very few poets. A large amount of verse-writing is the result of nothing more than vivid and sympathetic appreciation of beauty in higher writers; and the poetical faculty remains as it always was, a rare gift, born in a man, not attainable by the crowd who strive earnestly but vainly to acquire it. Books of imitation also tend to multiply their kind, but only their kind. We are prepared to believe that a larger number of Greek and Latin verses, good up to a certain mark, have been written since the publication of *Arundines Cami*, *Sabrine Corolla*, and similar collections, than were written before. But school-copies of first-rate excellence are very likely more uncommon than they used to be. And so it is with our literature. The variously-diluted imitations of Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, or Tennyson serve to place many writings of these poets before the novice in a new light, and set him on imitating in his turn, but they will seldom or never lead him to a higher point than their own. Mr. Lancaster is full of effort, and strives hard to be rid of conventional modes and turns of phrase and rhythm, which is a

symptom sure to appear in any pronounced imitation of Tennyson. Readers whose acquaintance with the Laureate's writings is tolerably accurate and fresh will not require to be reminded of the parallels, either in word or conception, to passages like these:—

There, if some thought of our once love intrude,  
Stray dissonance, between the shrine and heart  
Of long melodious concords, may it thrill  
The honey'd sequel to a richer close.

Her lattice gave across the restless floor  
Of nightly waters paved with faintest gales  
In shaken lines of splendour and sweet gleam.

Wide on the downs by wrinkled tarn and edge  
Of ghastly moon-light, each in shatter'd mail,  
The dead men lie, clench'd hands and earnest eyes.

In a fragment called (with questionable taste) "A Wisp of Epic" the whole attitude of the aged, mourning king and his companion daughter—who

moved not as he ended in her calm,  
She would not weep, she could not comfort him—

is suggestive of the great model of Thea and Saturn in *Hyperion*; and two lines in the following extract from the really fine poem of "Saul" bear traces of obligation to the same original. Saul is lamenting that kingship, when will is departed, brings no comfort—

But craving, that in *realness* abstinence  
Rivets the ache of loss, where loss is gain  
To limit old confusions, which of old  
Ran from my helm the garland of its praise  
And set my face to this perpetual rest.

But how much inferior to the fine line in Keats—

—his *realness* eyes were closed—

is this contorted phrase of "realness abstinence riveting the ache of loss." The general conception, also, of poems like Mr. Lancaster's "Philoctetes" and "Minos" is little more than an echo of Mr. Tennyson's "Ulysses" and Mr. Arnold's "Mycerinus."

But there is here and there in *Præterita* a defect quite distinct from that not unnatural degree of half-unconscious imitation which we have been remarking. We mean a want of that delicate inner ear—so to speak—which regulates the fitness and unfitness of something more refined than mere rhythm. Many of these poems are written with singular ability, and not least so the monologue of "Philoctetes." But conceive Philoctetes talking to himself in this manner:—

I loathe the *glancing sameness* of this brine,  
Its hissing suck of waves, its equal face.  
I loathe the toss of sails, the pass of clouds,  
The white wings curving on the tawny rocks.

Or, again, think of a man saying off-hand to the lady of his love in the middle of a serious sonnet—

Dear little thing, I love thee fixedly.

Or of a poet deluding himself with the jingle of lines like these—

Sigh, heart, break not—Slylark, wake not,  
Till my love be awakened and away.

Stay thy warm beam, amber morn-beam,  
While his warm mouth on my cheek will stay.

Hyperbole in thought and language is this clever writer's "besetment"; and it is a pity that so it should be, as he might otherwise produce something better than *Præterita*. To give one further illustration of our grounds for making these few adverse comments on a book which will probably be hailed in some quarters as a prodigy of genius, we will venture to extract the two stanzas following:—

The pilgrim cranes are moving to their south.  
The clouds are herded pale and moving slow.  
One flower is wither'd in the warm wind's mouth,  
Whereby the gentle waters always flow.

O thou pervasive thought of glorious pain,  
Release me yet at seasons from thy power;  
Thou other self investing sense and brain,  
Renew me, or I perish hour by hour.

The mood of mind in which these lines were generated is not hard to understand. But how different is the weak and almost discordant tone of the second stanza from the harmonious thoughts which the intellect of Wordsworth would have drawn—and has repeatedly drawn—from similar aspects of nature!

S. H. F. is almost entirely a religious writer, and modestly free from any sort of flashy or pretentious composition. His (or her) volume is made up of some miscellaneous short poems, a small collection of plaintive and pretty sonnets, and a set of translations from sacred German poetry, followed by paraphrases from the Book of Job. Many of these are exceedingly well done, and the whole book will give pleasure to those who value quiet seriousness of thought and the simple unaffected style which rarely fails to be its companion. If one must have minor poetry, we make no secret of preferring the fine old "Legend of Charlemagne" and "Job's Lament" to the more ambitious poetry of "word music," and "glorious pains," and "wisps of epic." Some of the "Discourses of Elihu" must be allowed to read a little heavily, and remind one (in paraphrase) of Tate and Brady's less hopeful efforts at translating untranslatable psalms. Nor are we quite certain that some of the passages chosen by S. H. F. from the Book of Job gain anything by appearing in the garb of English verse at all. But,

\* *Præterita*. By William Lancaster. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1863.

*Poems, Original and Translated*. By S. H. F. With Illustrations. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

putting these aside, the few vigorous lines which follow from the great passage in chap. xxviii. may be taken as the sample of a large part of the paraphrase:—

There surely is a vein  
Wherein hath silver lain;  
A place there is for gold which man refineth;  
Iron from depths of earth  
Is to the light brought forth.  
From rifted rocks the ore that molten shineth.  
Although a bound be set  
Where light and darkness meet,  
Man's eager glance through all perfection seeketh;  
The stones in darkness laid,  
He findeth in their bed;  
And where Death's shadow is, a way he maketh.

In one word, *Proterita* is a collection of great merit, with greater pretensions; and the *Poems* of S. H. F. are always pleasantly, often well and carefully, written. But, to return to the point from which we started, both books belong to a class which we fear betokens, by its rapid growth, a decided weakness in current literature, and which, so far as literature is the reflex of society, may be the symptom of something wrong in society also. There is this, indeed, to be said on behalf of minor poetry, that it affords a gauge of a certain sort of refined cultivation which is itself a gain. Besides, many minor poems are in the nature of essays, and serve to show which way the wind is blowing in tolerably clever people's minds. Still, we should be sorry if the appearance of ever so clever a volume of the sort were made to encourage the growth of a species of books which is best when reduced to its minimum proportions.

#### CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS, 1633-34.\*

IT is a relief to come upon a volume of Calendars which is furnished with a Preface. The only fear is that such clear and full summaries as Mr. Bruce gives us with each volume may sometimes act as a temptation to make use of the summary instead of the Calendar itself. The papers contained in this volume belong to a time when Charles I. had it all his own way. We are fairly launched in that period of twelve years which, according to the advocates of despotism, was the happiest twelve years in the history of England. We have got past the disputes between Charles and his first three Parliaments, and we have not yet come to the disputes about ship-money. The writs for the ship-money were issued in 1634, but later in the year than the time embraced in this volume. The year before is remarkable for two events—the King's journey to Scotland for his coronation there, and the translation of Bishop Laud to the see of Canterbury. Perhaps few readers bear in mind that Charles I. was a Scotchman, not merely by descent, but by actual birth in Scotland. In visiting Scotland in order personally to assume the Scottish crown, he was not paying a somewhat tardy compliment to an independent Kingdom; he was actually revisiting his native land, and that portion of his subjects who were in an especial manner his countrymen. Charles, however, had left Scotland so early, and had found the atmosphere of England, as it then was, so much more congenial to his turn of mind, that he appeared in his native Kingdom almost in the character of a stranger. His ecclesiastical policy offended national feeling quite as much as religious prejudices. The Scottish Prelates themselves had no fancy for having the Bishop of London brought into Scotland to teach them how to behave. For we must not forget that, at this moment, Laud was not yet more than a simple Bishop. Archbishop Abbot had sunk so much out of public notice, and the King's favour had so completely invested Laud with a sort of ecclesiastical dictatorship, that we are apt to look upon him as Archbishop long before he really was. His translation to Canterbury took place in the latter half of 1633, after the King's return from Scotland.

A great part of the present volume is taken up with the Archbishop and his doings, which Mr. Bruce also comments on in his Preface at some length, and with much care and impartiality. When looked at in this calm way, if Laud does not seem entitled to the idolatry which he still receives at the hands of a small class of votaries, neither does he appear to deserve the utter contempt which is lavished on him by Lord Macaulay and others. No doubt he was utterly out of his place. A Head of a College became a Bishop, and a Bishop became a Prime Minister. He was unlucky in his attempt to unite the priest and the statesman in an age when such a union was no longer possible. The breed of statesmen in holy orders was, indeed, by no means extinct; Richelieu and Mazarin were speaking examples to the contrary. But one looks on Richelieu and Mazarin so exclusively as statesmen that one almost forgets that they were ecclesiastics. One judges them, for good or for evil, so completely from a secular point of view, that one hardly stops to think whether Richelieu, while guiding the affairs of all Europe, ever did or did not bestow a thought on his obscure Bishopric of Luçon. Laud was quite of another type. To say nothing of his unspeakable inferiority to Richelieu in point of genius, his objects were utterly different. Nor was Laud exactly like the old type of statesman-ecclesiastic in earlier times. In those times the great offices of state were filled by ecclesiastics because there were no laymen fit to fill them. In the fifteenth century this necessity had grown into the abuse of giving Bishoprics away

purely as the rewards for such temporal services, their duties being commonly discharged by deputy. Still one does not look upon the political churchmen of the fifteenth century quite in the same light as upon those of the seventeenth. Though they often utterly neglected the special duties of their particular ecclesiastical offices, much more of the general ecclesiastical character hung about them than hung about Richelieu or Mazarin. Laud, again, differed from either type. He was not a statesman at all; he was a churchman who grasped at temporal influence and power primarily to carry out certain ecclesiastical ends. He allied himself with civil despotism, because civil despotism afforded the only means for carrying out his purposes. That William of Canterbury allied himself with the Crown against the people, while Thomas of Canterbury had, ages before, allied himself with the people against the Crown, was purely the result of their several positions. One can hardly fancy Laud playing the demagogue, but, had he lived in the twelfth century, he probably would have tried. No doubt he would have played the part of demagogue very awkwardly, but perhaps not more awkwardly than he played the part of Minister. He carried with him to the Star Chamber and the Council-Board all the feelings, prejudices, and passions of his order. Harsh and narrow-minded, he attempted to rule England in the spirit of a schoolmaster. He knew no cure for any evil except repression. As Mr. Bruce says, of two alternative sentences, he always adopted the most severe. His persecutions were of a kind which eminently defeat their own end. Persecution answers its end when it reaches the stage of extermination. The persecutions of Philip II. did answer their end. Doubtless they lost him seven provinces, but they secured the perfect orthodoxy of what was left, in Spain, Italy, and the Netherlands. But a harassing, worrying persecution, which still stops short of death, only provokes discontent, and secures its own punishment in the long run. Still we must not look on the persecutions of Laud, or on any persecutions of that age, with the ideas of an age when toleration, if not complete religious equality, is almost everywhere taken for granted. Men had not got rid either of the idea that toleration was soul-murder, or of the idea that dissent necessarily implied disloyalty. Nor is there anything to choose between one side and another. Whatever party was in power proscribed all other parties. The aim of each was, not to secure toleration for its own worship, but to forbid the practice of any other. That all might enjoy their own opinions side by side was an idea that occurred to none of them. Where a religious peace was effected, as in Germany, Switzerland, and, in some measure, in France, there still was nothing to be called real toleration. The political condition of the two former countries allowed each canton or principality or city to choose its own religion, but that did not imply toleration within those limits. Toleration in France also was local; the Huguenots were allowed to retain their religion in certain places where they had established their right to it by force of arms. That Laud was a persecutor was, therefore, nothing wonderful; that his persecutions took a specially petty and vexatious form was something personal to the man. That he used the civil power to carry out his ecclesiastical schemes was no more than everybody else did who had the chance. The real estimate of his position must turn upon our estimate of those schemes. He was by no means the founder, but he was the most prominent leader, of the reactionary party in the English Church. Now to be reactionary is not necessarily blame-worthy either in religion or in politics. If things have gone too far, it is the part of a wise man to try to bring them back again, or at least to hinder them from going further. That Laud's main notions were not wholly unpractical is shown by their final success. Most of his innovations, as they were then called, both ritual and doctrinal, took thorough root in the Church of England. They were upset at the time, because the Church itself was upset; and no doubt their introduction had a good deal to do with the upsetting of the Church; but when the Church came back they came back with it. The Prayer-Book of Charles II. was an advance—or a falling back, whichever we please to call it—on the Prayer-Book of Elizabeth, just as the Prayer-Book of Elizabeth was an advance or a falling back on the second Prayer-Book of Edward VI. And Laud's success in this way incidentally secured the object which he had least at heart. His reaction effectually hindered all comprehension of Dissenters. Now Laud's modern bitterest enemy, Lord Macaulay, rejoices, and with reason, in the failure of the scheme of comprehension, because its failure brought about the far greater triumph of toleration. It is certainly worth a thought, when we see how slowly men's minds grasp the idea of perfect religious equality, whether, if the Church had been so modified as to admit the Presbyterians and the more moderate Independents, we might not still have been imposing civil disabilities on Roman Catholics, Quakers, Anabaptists, and Unitarians.

Looking, then, at Laud purely as a churchman, and setting aside his hasty, hot-headed, injudicious way of going about everything, there is really nothing very monstrous in his main objects, taken in themselves. These may be said to have been three:—To raise the temporal position of the Church and its clergy; to get rid of the Calvinistic theology; to restore the material fabrics of the Church to some degree of order and ritual decency. It is clear that he has been eventually successful in the last two objects. When Laud was a young man, the Calvinistic theology was dominant in the Church of England; it is now, and that mostly in a very mild form, only the badge of the least intellectual school in

\* *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Charles I. 1633-1634.* Edited by John Bruce, Esq., F.S.A. London: Longman & Co. 1863.



the Church. With regard to the material Church, Laud completely triumphed. Undoubtedly an age of neglect came over our ecclesiastical buildings, but they never came back to exactly the same state from which Laud rescued them. Most of the things which raised the cry of Popery against Laud are now done as a matter of course in every congregation in England. His scheme of getting temporal power into ecclesiastical hands, by putting churchmen into high offices of state, luckily broke down, though it may be observed that his clerical Lord Treasurer, Bishop Juxon, so conducted himself in that office that Laud's bitterest enemies had nothing to say against him. His notion of the King as a personal governor of the Church, more, perhaps, by virtue of his ecclesiastical unction than of the Tudor notion of the Supremacy, sank of course with the general notion of personal government on the part of the King. Indeed, in its perfection, it required a King of the grave and religious temper of Charles I. It might not have been inconsistent with the mere vices of Charles II., but it was quite inconsistent with his levity. Laud's notion of the *Regale* was pretty much the old Imperial one; the King was to take the ecclesiastical position of Theodosius, Justinian, and Charles the Great—a position, we need hardly say, widely different from the Tudor Supremacy. It was a theory according to which the Church was not brought into bondage, but the Emperor or King became the Church's chief Minister, ruling her not from without but from within. All practical trace of this theory has vanished from an age when a Prime Minister nominates to Bishopsrics; but it may be doubted whether it has not helped to throw around the person of sovereigns a sort of vague sanctity which does not attach to any purely civil or military authority. The so-called Papal Aggression was thought, by those who failed to see the matter in its true light, to be a sort of special insult to the Queen personally, as well as to the nation as a nation. Language was certainly used about it which is not used about any ordinary national insult, say, for instance, the affair of the *Trent*. Even here, then, Laud's theory of Church and State, though it has utterly died away as a system of government, still retains some influence over men's feelings. And in raising the position and character of the clergy, there is no doubt that we feel the influence of Laud to this day in a most beneficial manner. He saved the English clergy from sinking to the level of the clergy of most Continental countries, Catholic and Protestant alike. As Chancellor of Oxford, he was one of the most careful and munificent holders of that office, though the University has little reason to thank him for his gift of the Hebdomadal Board. Assuming his despotic theory in Church and State, he is less to be blamed for what he did than for the way in which he did it. In his temporal position, he was thoroughly out of place; but his mere relations with Strafford show that he could hardly have been so essentially contemptible as he is sometimes thought. The "great wicked man"—μεγαλόπρᾶνος τε καὶ κακοπρᾶμος—would hardly have taken as his chosen ally and confidant one who was so utterly small in every way as the Archbishop is sometimes represented.

If we have gone off from a notice of this volume of Calendars to a discussion of the chief person who figures in it, Mr. Bruce's very suggestive Preface has been the cause. But our readers must not think that the interest of this collection is purely ecclesiastical. The volume is of the same varied kind as the other members of the series. Mr. Bruce aptly mentions that the collection of Admiralty Papers incorporated in the present volume forms a natural introduction to the approaching time of the ship-money. There is also much interesting matter about the Queen of Bohemia, and many of the curious odds and ends which always turn up in these very valuable collections.

#### LEO.\*

IT may be regarded as one of the hopeful signs of a reaction setting in from the vulgar craving for sensation, that we have at length a work of fiction, likely to command a fair share of popularity, which succeeds, to within a few pages of the end, in keeping clear of the element of the thrilling, the necromantic, or even the simply horrible. To get up a readable and really amusing story without the aid of bigamy, abduction, or apparition, and very nearly free from murder or bloodshed, is a feat which till lately might have turned novel-writers of the commoner or hack description aghast at the supposed impossibility. To have succeeded so much beyond expectation while trusting mainly to ordinary domestic life for the interest of his book may possibly encourage the author to tread further in the same abandoned track, and to let us off, another time, the modified dose of horror and disgust which, in deference to the regulation of the day, we are compelled to swallow before we have done with *Leo*. There can be no conceivable reason, apart from this detestable custom, why the story should not wind up with the quiet felicity of the principal parties, after the commonplace ups and downs of their probationary career, without our being dragged in to witness the horrors of the judicial exit of the lesser ruffians and blackguards who have acted as harassing spokes in the wheels of their prospective happiness. The general outline of the work shows a talent for investing very ordinary characters and very familiar incidents with some amount of vitality and interest. The author often succeeds in giving piquancy to the sayings and doings of his personages, and to his sketches of society; and his style,

both in description and dialogue, is usually easy, free, and bright with touches of humour. There is, no doubt, as he suffers himself to be warmed up by his *déroulement*, too great a tendency to mock sentiment and melodrama, and there is in the chief characters themselves a weakness which borders on insipidity. But it would be harsh and unfair to expect rigorous control of motives with profound analysis of character from a descriptive writer like Mr. Cook. We never get beneath the surface, simply because the people whom he sets out to draw are but superficial. They are posed for photographing from without, not drawn out from the depths of being within. The heroine is simply a very nice girl—pretty of course, and up to the typical mark of sweetness and affection—but without will or passion enough to qualify her for more than drifting out of one attachment into another, and back again, as the tide of circumstances ebbs and flows. When her original love, dating from childhood, comes to temporary grief through the inexplicable silliness of the elegant but dilettante Arnold Page in rushing upon ruin, Leo has only to shed a few tears and find herself up to the eyes in the fun and excitement of trying on the successive marvels of her trousseau as the affianced bride of the lively little Marquis of Southernwood, late Lord Dolly Fairfield. But her heart is only in pledge with his lordship, to be redeemed at the fitting opportunity. Arnold has sunk low indeed in the gulf of insolvency, disgraced as he is by the bursting of bubble companies such as the Ostrich Life Insurance, into which he has been duped by the solemnly specious scamp Lomax, of the Wafer Stamp Office, his brother-in-law. His estate forfeited, his name tarnished, his love lost, he is on the eve of sailing for New Zealand. He has been meanwhile thrown in the way of Janet Gill, the daughter of a reprobate Indian captain—a girl of sense and spirit, who is for some time a mystery in the piece—but who puts forth the only bit of true force of character in the whole story by declining the hand of Arnold, whom she deeply loves, on discovering that Leo, her benefactress and friend, still prefers him, though he, thinking Leo for ever lost, has worked himself into what he believes an affection for Janet. A convenient friend, Hugh Wood, generously throwing up his own chances of Leo, gives a hint as to the true state of Arnold's feelings, and in a few hours she is in his chambers in the Temple, amid the packed-up boxes:—

For some time neither spoke, as they sat together over the fire in Hugh Wood's chambers. One of her hands still rested in his. Then he felt the other upon his arm; presently it stole to his shoulder, as she bent her head down and murmured, very tenderly,

"No, Arnold, you must not go; I cannot bear it; it will kill me." He sighed, trembling.

"You must not go—for my sake." He strove to speak, he released her hand.

"Arnold!" she cried, in passionate, swooning tones, "you will not go—promise me you will not go—for I love you. Oh, Arnold, you cannot doubt it."

"Leo," he began hoarsely, pressing his hands upon his forehead; but he felt the room swimming round him—he rose, leaning upon the table for support; he could not continue.

"You love me?" she said, with painful agitation; "tell me you love me, Arnold?"

"I have loved you, I shall love you always, Leo; but what does it avail! Oh, Leo, it is cruel to try me like this. 'You know,' he cried, hoarsely, "that you are lost to me for ever. That to bid me hope now is only to drive me to a greater despair in the future. If there were nothing else to part us—you are not free—you are to be the wife of Lord Southernwood."

"No, Arnold, it is over, I am free—have pity, Arnold, for I love you so much—forgive me—love me—"

And then she was woven round by Arnold's arms, her tears were dried upon his breast—she was strained against his fiercely beating heart, and he was kissing fondly her forehead, her eyes, her lips.

"Dearest Arnold!"

"My own darling little Leo!"

At the foot of the stairs waits old Carr, the father, the matter-of-fact man of business, who, having cut off Arnold's hopes of his daughter on the first blush of his speculations and entanglements, now drives down with his daughter in the carriage to throw her into the ruined spendthrift's arms, carry him home, and induct him into married bliss in his old estate, which the amiable old man has redeemed from the clutch of the mortgages, the defunct "Ostrich." Mr. Cook is famous at surprises. But nothing that he has yet done in this line can well come up to the perplexity which most readers will have in making up their minds why Arnold Page tumbles into so overflowing a lot of good fortune as the recovery of a capital patrimony and a charming bride after he has idiotically squandered the one and thrown overboard the other. Such an accumulation of favours is sufficient to astonish the author himself. He can make nothing of it, for the present at least, beyond the illustration of a very primitive but not very enlightening proverb. And the public cannot fairly be expected to help him out. "Certainly he was a lucky dog! Clearly he must have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth!"

Leonora or "Leo" Carr, though a girl to be described by ordinary critics, especially of her own sex, as "not having much in her," is a sufficiently charming object for the affections of a young gentleman of no particular intellect or force of character, rather open to impressions of the graceful and picturesque in art and nature:—

She was a beauty; if it be permissible to put size altogether on one side as having nothing to do with the question; for she was very little. Contemplate her as she occupies the best chair in the opera-box; her parents persistently in the background as though thrown into shadow by the radiance of her loveliness. A dainty little brunette, with a complexion not hard and tough as that of some dark beauties I wot of, whose only chance of producing colour on their dusky cheeks is by a thick application of it artificially on the outside; but fine, and satiny, and delicate in texture, permitting now and

\* *Leo*. By Dutton Cook. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1863.

then a beautiful rosy underflush to glow through it; luminous, melting brown eyes, made still more soft in colour by the shadow of her superb fringe of silken eyelashes; her features small and delicate, the mouth being quite perfection in form and colour; the shape of her head admirable; the profuse dense brown hair growing in a charming curved line with a peak in the centre, rather low on her forehead, as the hair of the brunette beauty should always grow; her eyebrows well marked, her figure, though very slight in frame, very limber and graceful in movement. When she turned or bent quickly you did not hear the creaking of cordage, pulleys and bunks—a awful sound, which accompanies the change of position of certain graceful creatures, whose waists and shoulders have been brought by ingenuity into quite the three-cornered tart style of female figure, and are of course, as a consequence, greatly admired by the world in general.

Lomax, the priggish "Wafer Stamp" official, and his affected wife, who covers the collapse of his swindling career with unexpected force of generalship, form a couple of well-drawn portraits. Another good character is Mrs. Simmons, the lodging-house keeper in Coppice Row—once the melodramatic Arabella Montresor "of the T. R. Bath," who, in a fit of half-love of his splendid figure, half-jealousy of her rival Miss Delafosse, had thrown herself away upon the handsome Harlequin, now the fat, asthmatic, "wretchedly deboshed sot," the news-vendor Simmons. Best of all is the figure of gay little Lord Dolly, whose conduct as a true gentleman, on being thrown over by Leo, contrasts favourably with that young lady's summary transference of herself back to the old object:—

If you can fancy a cherub who habitually stuck a disc of glass in his right eye, who had cultivated a streak of floss silk upon his upper lip; who had left off wings and taken to tiny shirtcollars, and a gauzy strip of white neckerchief; who had also, by an extraordinary process of development, put forth under his head a light little trunk, with limbs and extremities complete; making his height in all about five feet three inches, and his weight seven stones and two pounds; if, I say, you can fancy all this, why you then have a very respectable notion of the personal appearance of Lord Adolphus Fairfield (Lord Dolly he was commonly called: he was just the man to have his name abbreviated; people felt it was too long for him and did not fit him, and that it was necessary to dock it and run a tuck in it, as it were).

Lord Dolly Fairfield's little hands were covered with the smartest and smallest of blush-tinted gloves; they were made expressly for him (I could name the shop at which he obtained them, but I should require to be paid heavily for an announcement so much in the nature of an advertisement); his little feet were eased in the trimmest and brightest of lacquered boots; his flaxen locks were arranged in the daintiest curls; if I dared I would say that he was the prettiest little nobleman that ever was seen. At the mess-table of the 600th Light Dragoons (of which crack regiment he was a distinguished officer) he was known as "Cupid" and "Tiny." He was too good-natured to resent these liberties. He was always laughing his pleasant noisy school-boy laugh—about an octave of notes—all musical and agreeable; and he seemed quite as well pleased (unlike some eminent jesters) to laugh at himself as at any one else. And the courage of the little gentleman was beyond dispute. He was a mere child when the 600th went into action in the south-east of Europe on the occasion of a great charge being made by the British cavalry. His superior officers were left dead upon the field, but the boy cornet rallied the remnant of his troop, and was able to bring them in tolerable order from under fire. He was wounded in three places, but he never lost heart nor presence of mind, nor, it was said, his glass from his right eye. There was no question about the pluck of little Lord Dolly after that eventful day.

It is a part of Mr. Dutton Cook's favourite manner to crowd his pages with a succession of minor characters who have no particular service to perform towards helping on the plot or heightening the effect of the narrative, except so far as they come in, like the chorus in a Greek play, to sing the virtues of the hero or condole with the woes of the heroine. In modern dramatic usage, they correspond perhaps more closely to the supernumeraries who are perpetually passing on and off the stage to swell the walking throngs of every-day ladies and gentlemen, or in costumed parts, trolling out imperfectly melodious noise, over brimming pots of nothing, to the honour of their patron and boon companion. The best that can be hoped for on their behalf is that they may be taken as indicative of the resources and ingenuity of the manager and the liberality with which he always mounts his pieces. It not a little mars the effect, on the other hand, when suspicion arises that the properties of their bearers are not so much original inventions for the occasion as articles thrown into stock from the redundant "property" of a bygone season, if not borrowed for the nonce from the repertory of other managers. Phil Gossett, the medical student, huge and uncouth, yet womanly-hearted, with his big bass voice, shaggy and unkempt black locks, superb in his disdain for work and addiction to pipes and beer, has little right to appear upon these boards without acknowledgment honestly paid to Mr. Thackeray. Nor has Rob Hooper, the club-footed hunchback, limping painfully up the hill of legal success, such claims on the score of originality, or of any service rendered by him towards the elaboration of the author's design, that he should be rewarded in the last page by the hand of Janet, the nicest girl in the book. As for the "doctor"—the burly, swarthy, *ci-devant* student of medicine, and ex-ticket-of-leave man, "Pratt, Monkton, or Luce"—he has his work of a dirty sort cut out for him in making up the horrors of the book, doctoring up the rotten drunkard, Captain Gill, for acceptance by the bubble Ostreich Insurance Company, though he is spared the contemplated crime and trouble of taking the wretch's life by the latter jumping out of a window in a fit of *delirium tremens*, after a mad attempt to strangle M. Anstole, the doctor's patron in this and similar frauds, particularly in a roundabout plot to carry off Janet, who has been made a bargain by her father. We could not perhaps do without the old but youthfully made-up Frenchman, who, by the way, speaks invariably as good English as any one else in the book, and who looks so picturesque in his towering wig and ragged beard as to be surreptitiously sketched by Jack Lackington, the pre-Raphaelite artist, at the Café de l'Univers,

as Tithonus. But we might well be spared the disagreeable finale, where he rushes in half-naked, wigless, and crazed with fright, among the whole minor company of the piece, assembled, according to their wont, at the *café*, to die of terror at finding himself vindictively gripped by the "doctor," whom he had thought safe by this time, on a hint of his own, in the hands of the police. A superfluous amount of detail is bestowed upon the scenes of drunkenness and frenzy which give their quietus to these partners in low vice. They seem introduced as if to show incidentally that the old heaven is still at work in spite of the author's momentary grasp at simpler and less exciting themes. With those who have by this time "supped full of horrors" there will be a regret that Mr. Cook should not commit himself with greater confidence and faith to a style wholly free from what must needs be simply deterrent and disgusting. If not qualified for the most commanding rank among writers of fiction, or if not one of those who contribute to the thinking power of their age, and set in motion new principles of life or schools of sentiment, he has sense and imagination enough for works of higher merit than he has yet produced—works of which better things may have to be said than in candour can be predicated of the present story. *Leo* is but a book for the light reader, to be read once, to amuse, and to be forgotten.

#### WILLIAM BLAKE.

IN the very interesting *Life before us* tardy justice has at last been done to the memory of one whose natural gifts qualified him, apparently, to rank amongst the greatest of English artists. William Blake was not, indeed, a man of whom it could ever be said that he was totally ignored. Nay, the circle of those who ranked him at his true worth as a poet and a painter—beginning with men like Wordsworth, Charles Lamb, and Flaxman—has precisely included many of those judges whose estimate would be most highly valued by a true man of genius. Yet, so large is the number of the cultivated or *quasi*-cultivated class in England, and so relatively small was the number of those who knew Blake's merits, or even knew of him at all in any definite sense, that he was practically the "Pictor Ignotus" which his biographer—borrowing, by the way, curiously enough, this title from a poet hardly better known or appreciated than the painter—has styled him on the title-page. Some rumour of Blake's eccentricities as a man and an artist, with perhaps a vague idea of mad genius, has indeed floated about since the gossipy sketch of his life by the ex-sculptor Allan Cunningham was printed. But, to all who had themselves studied the works of the painter, that lively writer was known to be about as well qualified to judge of Blake as to rival Michel Angelo. The great rarity of works by his hand, except in the possession of the scanty circle of his admirers, increased the haziness of his reputation. Little popular in his own day, Blake could rarely find a sale for his prints and pictures; in the strict sense, few of them had ever been "published" at all. It seemed as if this was an insuperable bar to his ever attaining due recognition. Now, however, Mr. Gilchrist's book both tells the singular story of Blake's life, for the first time, with fulness and with a judgment which is rarely at fault, and by its numerous and faithful illustrations enables the reader more or less to make acquaintance with the artist. We believe that the author was a valued friend of Mr. Thomas Carlyle. Like him, Mr. Gilchrist perhaps occasionally exhibits a spirit of "worship" towards his hero; but his hero, again, is one who, more than most, renders such a sentiment natural. Nor will those who may think his estimate of Blake's performances, especially in comparison with those of Flaxman and Stothard, somewhat partial, deny that his judgment of the man and his work is generally discriminating and well-reasoned. The book is written in a clear, vigorous, unconventional style; it is as amusing as a romance; and we have few recent "Lives" in which the facts have been more carefully collected, presented with less parade, or arranged in such lucid order. The catalogue of drawings which has been added by Mr. William Rossetti is a model of what is an indispensable adjunct to an artist's life, and is as creditable to the taste as to the diligence of this distinguished critic. On the whole, the book has a completeness in which it is equalled by few of our modern artist-biographies, and Blake enjoys now an advantage denied to most of his great contemporaries.

We may briefly sketch the simple annals of Blake's life. Born in 1757, and apprenticed to an architectural engraver, he was early led to the study of Gothic art, and, in the style more perhaps of his subjects than of his execution, he retained the impress of mediævalism to the end. An energetic reader, he was also now fascinated by the Elizabethan poetry, as, in later life, he was destined to master the spirit of Chaucer and of Dante. This study makes itself strongly felt in the little poems of his youth, an admirable collection of which is contained in Mr. Gilchrist's second volume. Into the singular qualities of Blake's youthful verse we cannot here enter; and we must only note that, alike in its defects and its loveliness, it belongs to that class of poetry which specially commends itself to poets. Blake soon began to study art more regularly; he became familiar with the prints of Dürer and Marc Antonio; but his taste as a designer seems to us to have been mainly fixed by an acquaintance with Fuseli, who, at nearly double Blake's age, now returned from Italy to begin his

\* *The Life of William Blake.* By the late A. Gilchrist, of the Middle Temple. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.



long career in England. In estimating Blake's claims to originality, we do not think that this influence has been quite sufficiently acknowledged; certain it is, that to the end of his life, the "Spirits," as Blake loved to call his imaginations (on which more anon), appeared far too frequently in the attenuated forms and contorted attitudes of the Swiss enthusiast. These visions, with the care of setting down on paper or canvas what they exhibited, and (less happily) of committing their weird oracles to writing, henceforth occupied Blake during what may be called his own inner life. On the style of art which they exhibit we will presently make a few further remarks; the facts attending their publication are carefully chronicled by Mr. Gilchrist. Meanwhile, to the outer world he lived mainly as an engraver, employed often on designs by Stothard and Flaxman, which he translated with much skill. A residence, in middle life, with the forgotten poet Hayley, at a sea-side village of Sussex, is the one break in what the industrious and high-minded artist did not consider the monotony of London existence. Here, with his faithful wife, he toiled on in contented and noble poverty; and when, almost at the age of seventy, he entered, with an air of humble triumph, on the visionary world which he had so often prefigured, neither his hand nor his inventive faculty had lost their cunning.

Had this been all, Blake would have practically remained "Pictor Ignotus" to the end. But, happily for us, three or four times during his career he was led to employ his extraordinary gifts on subjects where the wild wandering of his unregulated imagination was constrained within the bounds fixed by more sublunar poets. To the commission of Mr. Linnell we owe the very finest, the most intelligible, and yet the most visionary, of Blake's designs—the engraved illustrations to the Book of Job. The whole series of these has been reproduced by photo-lithography in Mr. Gilchrist's book. The powerful, though less completely imagined, print representing Chaucer's Pilgrims leaving Southwark on their immortal ride to Canterbury, was provoked by rivalry with Stothard. Blake illustrated Young's *Night Thoughts* for one bookseller, and Blair's *Grave* for another. These last illustrations were engraved by Schiavonetti. They have hitherto been the most widely spread of his works; and whilst we cordially agree with Mr. Gilchrist that the artist's own engravings from his own designs have a special and singular value, yet it may perhaps ultimately prove advantageous to Blake's reputation that the world should first learn to know him through these very skillful translations into the ordinary language of art, rather than in those designs of his own where every line indeed speaks, but in a tongue "not understood of the people."

Such works as the "Jerusalem," the "Urizen," the "Los," the "Ahanian," cannot, in truth, but raise the question, discussed by Mr. Gilchrist in an interesting chapter, of the artist's sanity. Into this point, the proper discussion of which would far exceed our limits, we shall not here enter further than to observe that, whilst, in the common sense of the term, Mr. Gilchrist is entitled to claim the verdict "not mad," there can be, we think, no reasonable doubt that a flaw—equivalent to monomania in its results, if not in its origin—existed originally in the great artist's mind, and was extended by adverse circumstances to the very serious detriment of his genius. The speciality of that genius was an identification of the man with his imaginative faculty more absolute and complete than, so far as we know, any other man of ability has ever exhibited. Other poets there have been of whom it is no exaggeration to say that they have been hurried away and overmastered by their imagination. But Blake became one with his imagination. He was what he saw. Now this inversion of ordinary nature not only might obviously qualify an artist for extraordinary work, but, although probably a necessarily morbid gift, might be known as such, and kept within rational limits by its possessor. Blake, however, seems to have wanted the governing and self-controlling force of will. He was also a self-educated man. Hence the morbid element in his nature, discoverable in his early "Songs," grew on him, and taking up, as it were, into itself what it found congruous in literature—Swedenborg and Ossian might be specially named—led the high-minded and obstinate artist astray into an unsafe and unreal prophetic region, whence he thought himself destined to work the regeneration of his countrymen. Much of the strangeness of his writings is probably also due simply to literary inexperience. Like most men, he had read more than he could fully master. He had, indeed, a singular vivacity of insight. His criticism on Chaucer is admirable. But, when he tried to be a poet himself, he was overwhelmed by his Ossianic and Swedenborgian reminiscences, could not manage his material, and, after a few grand hints, fell into a circle of nightmare and dreary symbolism. "Crooked roads," he says somewhere, and it is eminently characteristic of the man, "are roads of genius." The poet reacted on the painter, and the painter on the poet, till the result was these singular works, unique in art, but rather deeply suggestive to the spectator's imagination than imaginative themselves in the highest sense. For imagination in the highest sense, since poetry began, has been always identical with Sanity.

Although, however, this has been the most salient and the most questioned side of Blake's life and genius, it is by no means the most really valuable and important. Whether the apparent obscurity and aimlessness of much that he did be due to darkness in the mind of the spectator or of the artist, it is certain that even in his most preternatural works he never fails to show an intensity of idea, a fertility in design, and a charm in colour, which deserved, as they received, the admiration of a man like Flaxman. In his more restrained moments—as when, yet young, he was capable of the tender grace and inventive variety of the "Songs of Inno-

cence," or when, already far advanced in years, in the illustrations to Job and to Dante, he had to reproduce what poets not less imaginative but more definite had conceived of the supernatural world and its inhabitants—he reached, in the words of a great judge, "the highest rank in certain characters of imagination and expression." Within his own circle, we know no such spiritual veracity as his—no such intensity. Nor, looking to Blake's own mind, as now more fully revealed to us, can any one fail to be struck not less with his energy and keenness of intellect than with the courage, high aim, and noble nature which endeared him through life to many friends, and in Mr. Gilchrist's pages will, it may be hoped, prove a lasting and animating example of unselfish and unworldly heroism. In these respects an artist could find no loftier model. But, regarding him simply from the intellectual side, his own writings, as here selected—with much of a different quality—are a magazine of vivid thought, and terse, penetrating insight.

Blake, in his strength and his weakness, is a figure so interesting that we might easily fill pages with the impression which his works and his utterances leave upon us. But we would more especially wish to observe that this is an instructive instance how much a man loses by not securing that immediate reputation to which his genius has entitled him. It is true that, whilst nine out of ten among the Academicians of his day are but faintly remembered, Blake's name will probably henceforth be long honoured by those whose suffrages an artist such as he would alone value. Yet it may be true also that, had he happened to fall on a more appreciative age, he would have been led to what, after all, we must consider at once the higher and the more rational use of his great talents. The "Illustrations to Job" are justly placed by Mr. Gilchrist at the head of Blake's productions. Had a discrimination like Mr. Linnell's existed before, we might, with equal advantage, have exchanged the "Visions of Albion" for the visions of Dante—have had more for the world at large, if less for the initiated. This would have been the wiser choice; but our regrets are now too late. Blake has done his work; and, such as he left it, it gives him right to rank amongst the very few Inventors in that art to which he consecrated so devotedly the seventy years of his life.

#### AUSTRALIAN EXPLORATION.

IN Australian exploration the Old World and the New seem to make common cause. The patriarchal necessity which separated Abraham and Lot before the Cities of the Plain four thousand years ago is identical with that which presses most hardly on the settler of the nineteenth century. As of old, the flocks increase and multiply, and a constant demand arises for fresh ranges of pasture land. The explorer is summoned as the pioneer of the settler, and thus the spirit of adventure, which in the frozen North is the result of the simple love of enterprise, becomes, in the forlorn hope of the Southern wilderness, the necessary tenure of life and civilization. The cause is one in which, as in that of religion, the blood of the martyr is the seed of progress. The fate of Burke and Wills has been instrumental in adding no less than four expeditions to the list of Australian adventure; and the narratives of McKinlay and Landsborough record the history of two of these undertaken in the year 1861—that of Stuart being contemporaneous, though unconnected with the primary object which they had in view. All three are simple transcripts from the diaries of men who had other matters than composition to attend to, and, as such, disarm the criticism which forms a wholesome check on the book-making propensities of those whose mission seems to be to run that others may read. Australia and its records have their interest, but it is an interest of a peculiar kind. The country is one which offers no attraction to the archaeologist, and comparatively little to the sportsman and naturalist. Central America and Ceylon have their history, or at least their monuments of a past history, but Australia, emphatically the land of the future, has none. Her fauna may be summed up in the briefest of catalogues. The kangaroo, the wild dog, the opossum, and an animal something between a rat and a rabbit, make up pretty nearly the total of her quadrupeds, and of these, none, with the exception perhaps of the kangaroo, can fairly be placed on the game list. Of birds, it is true, there is a somewhat greater variety, but, though headed by the emu, the array is but paltry compared with the brilliant muster-roll of a single square mile of Brazilian forest or Indian jungle. All this, while it detracts much from the interest of the explorer's journal, proves a formidable addition to the peril of his route. No food is procurable save that which he takes with him, and provisions form a very serious item in the "impediments" of an expedition of from 2,000 to 3,000 miles. In Africa, a single pound of powder represents a fortnight's subsistence. In Australia, powder is as inconvertible into game as greenbacks into dollars. The possibility of starvation, and the certainty of scurvy from lack of fresh provisions, added to a not unfrequent scarcity of water, even harder to bear than that of food, make up the hardships of a campaign more dangerous, if less fertile in incident, than that of the African hunter.

\* J. McDouall Stuart's *Explorations Across the Continent of Australia*. Melbourne: F. F. Baillière. 1863.

McKinlay's *Journal of Explorations in the Interior of Australia*. Melbourne: F. F. Baillière.

*Journal of Landsborough's Expedition from Carpenteria in Search of Burke and Wills*. Melbourne: F. F. Baillière.

Of the four expeditions supplementary to Burke's, that of Howitt, it will be remembered, speedily dispelled all doubt as to the fate of the missing travellers by the discovery of their remains, and the rescue of the survivor, King. Before the tidings of this result had reached Melbourne, McKinlay and his party had left Adelaide on the 21st of August, 1861. A directly northern course led them to Lake Kadhbarri, which they reached on the 21st of October. Here they noticed a grave, which, from its structure, they conjectured to be that of a white man, and probably one of the missing expedition. A native captured on the spot asserted that a party of whites had been killed in an affray, and subsequently eaten by their assailants. Recently-healed wounds corroborated the statement of the informant, and on exhumation the corpse itself bore manifest traces of violence. The circumstance, however, is not unattended with mystery, as Burke's journal is silent as to any affray of the kind. The probability, however, seems to be that the body was that of Gray, who died of starvation at this point of his homeward route, and that it had been disinterred and subsequently reburied, after mutilation, by the cannibals. On the arrival of the party at Cooper's Creek, news reached them from Adelaide of the relief of King, and the fate of his companions. His primary object thus disposed of, McKinlay continued his progress northward. The track of the Australian traveller, dependent as it is on the supply of water, is seldom a very straightforward one, except when it follows the course of rivers. The proverbial fickleness of the element seems to attain its maximum in sudden transitions from drought to deluge. It is mainly found in isolated creeks—the word creek in Australian parlance designating, not an arm of the sea, but a watercourse in which the winter torrents have left a chain of pools. The wind, parched in its transit over vast plains, produces a rapidity of evaporation almost incredible. Woe to the unwary traveller who relies on the apparent sufficiency of the supply. The track which he has left well-watered is dried up in a few days, and return becomes simply impracticable. Thus it was that the retreat of Sturt was cut off in his expedition of 1844, and his party imprisoned for months in the central desert of Australia. McKinlay states that a supply of water which, over-night, had been enough for a hundred horses, was, on the following day, reduced to a quantity insufficient for the eight which accompanied his party. The practice of bush-firing probably aggravates the evil. If beneficial to the young grass, it is fatal to other vegetation, and vegetation is almost as important an agent in atmospheric condensation as is the worm to the still. To strip a country of its wood is notoriously to diminish the humidity of its climate. Here the moisture of the atmosphere, instead of undergoing a gradual process of condensation, is precipitated in violent thunder showers. At Eyres Creek—where, on the 27th of February, the only supply McKinlay could find for his cattle was in the bed of the creek itself—on the 1st of March they were surrounded by a flood five feet deep in the shallowest place by which they could hope to escape, and the creek was rising nearly six inches per hour. From Cooper's Creek McKinlay's course was less straightforward than that of Burke, diverging considerably to the east on passing lat. 25, and recrossing the track of the latter at a point about sixty miles south of the Flinders River. In May, however, the party succeeded in reaching the borders of the Gulf of Carpentaria, about a degree west of the spot where it had been touched by their ill-fated predecessors. It may save the reader a little perplexity to mention that McKinlay's track, as laid down in the map appended to the account of Burke and Wills's expedition, is altogether at variance with that actually taken, and indicates no more than the hypothetical course by which he was originally instructed to proceed in the direction of Stuart's route, with the view of exploring a tract described as probably auriferous—an attempt, however, which the flooded state of the country rendered impracticable.

The return journey to Edgecombe Bay proved the most arduous part of the undertaking. On the 22nd of May, having touched the goal, McKinlay made the first camp on his homeward route for Port Denison on the eastern coast, his track forming the base of the vast triangle which constitutes the eastern boundary of the Gulf of Carpentaria. Winter had set in, and told severely on a party ill-clothed and insufficiently fed. Fate, which doomed the Trojan to consume his tables, imposed on these travellers the yet sterner necessity of devouring their means of transport. The horse Goliath fell a victim. Then the green hide intended for the camel's boots was converted into soup. The unfortunate beast himself shortly followed the fate of his boots, and the party made "a fine breakfast" of his tripe and feet. A Nemesis awaited them in his liver and kidney, which proved impracticable even to men who thought themselves lucky in bagging a few crows, a cormorant, and an eagle for the manufacture of a stew, and who may therefore be fairly acquitted of anything like over-fastidiousness. The last entry in the journal occurs on the 2nd of August, when the party reached a station on the river Bowen, and a hospitable reception terminated the hardships of a journey between two and three thousand miles in length. The most important result of the expedition is, perhaps, that it demonstrated the practicability of traversing the entire continent with sheep. The exploit is one which McKinlay was the first to accomplish, and it is difficult to overrate its importance, taking into consideration the peculiar requirements of the colonist. The sheep stood the journey better than the bullocks, horses, or camels. Indeed, as McKinlay states, it never appeared to give them the slightest inconvenience, and "they were always as ready for a start as was the man who attended them."

Landsborough had, meanwhile, commenced his search after Burke and Wills from the northern, as McKinlay from the southern, extremity of Australia. The start of the party was inauspicious, the vessel which was to transport them from Moreton Bay to the Gulf of Carpentaria being wrecked on Hardy's Island. They were, however, conveyed to their destination by Captain Norman of the *Victoria*, and in October 1861 a dépôt was formed on the Albert River, at a point about twenty-six miles from its junction with the Gulf. Their instructions were, to make for central Australia, Mount Stuart forming the landmark of their search; and the expedition accordingly followed the course of the Albert and Gregory rivers, which they explored for 210 miles into the interior. The wreck, however, had wasted time, provisions ran short, and return to the dépôt became imperative. This was accomplished, but not before Landsborough had ascertained the existence of a tract admirably adapted for the settler, on the side of Australia most important in effecting communication with India. He asserts that in twenty years' experience he had never seen better country for stock than the region bordering on the Gulf of Carpentaria, and the "superb condition" of his horses bore witness to the fact. They travelled as well as if they were stall-fed; and the first hundred miles of the route followed a stream which at its source was sufficient to turn a large mill-wheel.

Stuart had long been engaged in a westward field of exploration more central than that undertaken by Burke and Wills. A veteran at the work, he had accompanied Sturt's party as far back as 1844, and between the years 1857 and 1860 had been employed in various expeditions at the instance of private persons. The 22nd of April, 1860, forms a memorable epoch in Australian history, for on that day Stuart reached the centre of the vast island, and ascertained the important fact that the central region was "splendidly grassed," with abundance of water throughout its ranges. He had previously succeeded in attaining a point within a hundred miles of the Gulf of Carpentaria, but, after several attempts to reach it, was foiled—on three occasions by lack of water, and once by an attack of the natives. His perseverance rivalled that of Bruce's spider, and at the close of 1861—the period at which this log-book commences—he renewed his efforts to reach the northern seaboard from the central region which formed his starting-point. Roughly speaking, his track lies about three hundred miles west of Burke's, and tolerably parallel to it throughout. In the May following, he attained his extreme western limit, but his progress in that direction was checked by a dense forest of mulga, apparently untenanted by animal life. Rain had not fallen for months, and the silence was unbroken by the chirrup of bird or insect. The forest increased in density as he proceeded, and, worse still, not a single watercourse was discoverable for fifty miles. Once more he was forced to try back, and to make a cast eastward, which he accomplished with better success. From the Strangways River the party struck due north through a country thickly inhabited by natives—a treacherous race, if we may believe the narrator, ready to swear friendship to the traveller one moment and to spear him the next. The stream of the Roper led Stuart through what he describes as the finest country in Australia, water being plentiful and excellent, and the soil of the finest quality, to which the epithet "splendidly grassed" is applied by the narrator with almost Homeric redundancy. In July he reached the last water-hole of the Chambers, a branch of the Roper, and from thence to the Adelaide River his course lay in a northwesterly direction over a table-land where the presence of quartz in a basaltic formation, and other signs, indicated the presence of gold. On the 24th of that month, the toil of years was rewarded by the view of the ocean in Van Diemen's Gulf, the expedition having occupied four months, during which not a single drop of rain had moistened the path of the travellers.

The difficulties incident to the transit of this vast inland continent are, it will be seen, of a peculiar nature. The seaboard forms the goal of the explorer, but to reach the goal is, in truth, but half to surmount the difficulty of the enterprise. He who succeeds in the attempt is in the position of the diver who has sounded the depth, but exhausted the breath necessary to carry him back to the surface. The despatch of an expedition by sea, to act in concert with the land explorer on his arrival at the coast, seems to be the best chance of meeting the evil, by the establishment of a dépôt for supplies otherwise unattainable, and by affording the means of transport to those disabled by fatigue and sickness. The possibility of effecting a rendezvous on an unknown seaboard, if problematical, might be worth trying as an experiment, and one not involving greater cost or peril than the two successive expeditions of Burke and Landsborough. The real obstacle to such a combination is perhaps to be found in the competition of rival colonies. This has doubtless done much to foster a spirit of enterprise, but has tended to check its development in the form of national efforts. A work which is one of more than national interest should no longer be confined to the resources of the private speculator, or even of individual colonies, but may fairly challenge the hitherto untried resources of Australia, as a nation, in its aid.

#### MRS. RAMSAY'S DANTE.\*

THE expounders, and even the translators, of Dante are at this moment a numerous and painstaking class of persons, who might possibly render more service to the public by dint of a

\* *Dante's Divine Commedia. Translated into English in the Metre and Triple Rhyme of the Original, with Notes.* By Mrs. Ramsay. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1862-63.



little more mutual recognition and co-operation. They have applied themselves to the work so independently, and each with such indifference about weighing what has been done or left undone before him, that they have trampled among themselves the harvests of their own labours, and left fields untilled that might have been sufficient for all of them. The *Divine Comedy* has been so frequently translated that it grows distressing to any student or critic to balance the claims of each attempt; while, of Dante's minor works, essential as is the study of them to the appreciation of his grand aims and ruling sentiments, it is but lately that the *Vita Nuova*, with a few illustrative sonnets, has appeared in English. Nor has any general attention yet been drawn to the treatise *De Monarchia*, with its noble ideal of spiritual and secular government, or to the *Convito*, with its wonderful exemplifications of a courteous struggle between old traditions and a young philosophy which displays their graces while it corrects their tendencies. And it should be remembered that a really elegant prose translation (like Shelley's *Symposium of Plato*) is a more rare, and perhaps a more difficult, achievement than the most intricate rhymes can suggest; and that Dante is the father of Italian prose, even more decidedly and conspicuously than he is a patriarch in Italian poetry. And his is the prose, we need hardly say, which only a poet could write, and which one must be little less than a poet to imitate.

As regards the *Commedia*, a tyro, reading Mrs. Ramsay's introduction, would probably imagine that she had been the first of mortals to translate it, or to attempt some imitation of the subtle metre of the Italian, and that she had exhausted the most thorough and earnest criticisms of it by glancing over the chattering comments of a modern *variorum* edition, or conversing with some of the jaunty reciters who abound in Italian circles. Apart from these symptoms of inexperience, which may be excusable by the circumstances of the authoress's long residence in Italy, her notes are short and sensible (though they often touch as slightly on grave questions and deep symbols as Lempriere's Dictionary does on the myths of antiquity), while her style of translation is distinguished by much fidelity and a remarkable degree of elegance. That she should often fall very short of the nervousness and precision of the masculine style with which she has to cope could not but have been expected, especially as her studies of the poem have no solid historical or classical basis to rest upon; but we are bound to say that she has performed a work exceedingly creditable to her talent and character, though it remains in some points very insufficient to meet the main requirements of the reader of Dante. We may exemplify our observations by some quotations from the description of the Terrestrial Paradise (*Purg.* Can. 28). The passage has afforded a study to Longfellow, among other poets:—

A pleasant air, that seem'd no change to know,  
Smote on my forehead with soft motion, still  
As gentle as when summer breezes blow,  
And then the leaves, which ever trembling thrill,  
With one accord all bent toward that part  
Where fell the shadow of the holy hill.  
Yet not thereby so far did they depart  
From the sweet calmness of this sunny clime,  
That the small birds should cease them from their art;  
But the fresh breathings of the hour of prime,  
Singing, they gladly welcomed 'mong the leaves,  
Which kept low murmuring tone unto their rhyme;  
Even as from bough to bough the ear perceives,  
In the pine-forest near to Chiassi's shore,  
A melody, when the east wind receives  
Behest from Eolus. My footsteps bore  
Me slowly onward through the ancient wood,  
Until the entrance I beheld no more;  
And lo! my path was ended, where a flood  
Toward the left did with soft ripple glide,  
Bending the grass that on its margin stood.  
Here, even the purest and most crystal tide  
Yet something dull'd with earthly taint would seem,  
Near this, which nought within its depths might hide.

Although there must be something misunderstood in the triplet about the leaves, which, in the English, seems to refer to some novel catastrophe, rather than to the constant tenor of things on the holy mountain—and though the redundant expressions, *sweet calmness, sunny clime*, and others to which we could soon turn, appear too much to have been studiously suited "to the meanest capacity"—still this version is a very pleasing one, and we feel that the general tone and charm of the original have been calmly and deeply felt by the mind of the pilgrim in Italy. But there is a mode of meditating and imagining fine passages of poetry which lulls the understanding to rest; and this narcotic luxury, in which a private reader may sometimes honestly indulge, is a dangerous one for the translator, who on all occasions—

Must think what others only dream about,  
And say what others do but think.

Hence there is room for graver censure in the passage we shall next cite. We pass over half-a-dozen lines only to reach it:—

And then appear'd, as that which doth inspire  
Most sudden marvel, and within thy thought  
Doth leave no other fancy nor desire,  
A lady singing all alone, who sought  
Amid the field of flowers each fairest flower,  
Wherewith on every side her path was fraught:  
"Ah, beautiful lady, who in this sweet hour  
Dost seem to bask within love's radiance clear,  
If semblance to reveal the heart have power,  
I said, "Now of thy courtesy draw near,

That the melodious song which thou dost sing  
May come more plainly to my listening ear.  
Thou dost unto my thoughts the memory bring  
Of Proserpine, when her sad mother lost  
Her smile, and she the gladness of the spring."  
At these my words she turned to me fast,  
As one who dances with swift footsteps light:  
Scarcely I saw her moving, while she pass'd  
Above the blooms of gold and crimson bright;  
And low unto the earth her eyes she bent,  
As maiden, who would shrink from human sight.  
But yet did she my eager prayer content.

There can hardly have been a prettier version of this passage; it is, indeed, lovely in its way; and yet how much character is lost in it, lost as completely as footprints in water! How like the wild elf of a child's tale is the figure that here comes forward skipping and faltering—"turning fast, dancing with swift footsteps," so that you can hardly see her (for their twinkling?), and like a "maiden who would shrink from human sight!" Can this be the personage whom Dante has made the guardian of that earthly Paradise in which he figures the summit of all man's secular virtue and well-being? Can it be, historically speaking, the majestic shade of that great Countess of Tuscany whose policy and integrity so firmly held the balance between Papal and Imperial power in the gigantic contentions of the middle ages? But where are the poet's own details respecting her? Where is the deliberate calmness of her turning, with the soles of her feet drawn near to one another and to the ground, and being barely advanced one before the other, as in the turning of a dancer? Where is her gradual approach? Where the augustness of her lowered eyes, which showed reserve, no doubt, but could in no wise have been inclined to shrink from human sight? But we must quote the words of the original:—

Come sì volge con le piante strette  
A terra, ed intra sé, donna che balli,  
E piede innanzi piede a pena mette,  
Volesi 'n su' vermigli ed in su' gialli.  
Fioretti verso me, non altrimenti  
Che vergine, che gli occhi onesti avvall.

But we feel curious to ascertain what Mrs. Ramsay knows and thinks about this great feminine ruler; and on turning to her notes we find nothing more than—

V. 40. *A lady singing all alone, &c.* Matilda, the symbol of active Christian life under the New Testament dispensation.

Let us, for the moment, leave the symbol, in the name of Urania, remembering how Dante tells us that we must take hold of the exterior part or shell of an allegory before we can get at the interior part or kernel; and let us ask why such an important character in Italian annals (who first bequeathed Etruria to the successors of St. Peter) should be referred to by a bare name, without date or local specification, or so much of her titles and additions as a simple "countess?" This is the more extraordinary, seeing that half a page is readily allowed at any time to Meleager, or Hypsipyle, or many a mythic personage, very serviceable in similes, with whom Dante became acquainted by learning the *Æneid*, and to whom his expounders may be readily introduced by some handier compendium of mythology. We are aware that Dante himself may seem to have mentioned Matilda too indistinctly, and that many readers may naturally regret his not having dilated to some extent on the story of her career, or its moral and social significance in his own estimation; but then her name was probably as familiar among his contemporaries as that of the Warden of Purgatory, Cato of Utica, is to us, or as St. George's was in the militia of Catholic England.

In the following passages we must remember how much Dante had to state which wore in his eyes a purely positive and scientific character, and the expression of which, while simple, ought likewise to be perfectly full and positive. In this style, however elegant it be or beautiful, the word must give us that which is wanted, and proffer nothing more; the cup must be crowned, and so abandoned; the bow drawn to the arrow-head and released. No imperfect epithet or description must leave the mind stirred or the fancy oscillating. There is nothing to be avoided so much as the tentative, suggestive phrases that recently abounded in our own poetry, and in which Pope cannot be acquitted of having indulged excessively. Such persons as appreciate these features of the Dantesque style must find some grave imperfections in the following lines, musical and graphic as they otherwise seem in themselves:—

And when she came to where the herbage lies  
Bathed in the waters of the lovely stream,  
Full courteously to me she raised her eyes,  
I well believe that with such radiant beam  
The orb of Venus shone not, when of yore  
Pierced by her son. Then smiled with sunny gleam  
The maiden, as she stood upon the shore,  
Wreathing the flowers, that in this lofty land  
The soil without or seed or culture bore.

In the original, the spirit, or the maiden (as it is just possible she was entitled to that designation rather than to more wisely attributes), does not begin to smile then and there, but only shows her smile to Dante by the raising of her eyes (*ella ride*). The smile is not the sign of a passing emotion, but of a perpetual felicity—as she says presently:—

You are strangers; and because I smile in this place that was elected for humanity to be its nest, you are surprised, perhaps, and entertain some suspicion; but there is enlightenment for you in that text in the *Palmas, Delectati* (Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work; I will triumph in the work of Thy hands).

Or, as Mrs. Ramsay renders it somewhat obscurely, and without supplying the reader with any reference for the text, which in England will not be extensively remembered by this Latin exordium:—

Perchance because I smiled,  
Ye who are strangers in this place elect  
For man, as is the cradle for the child,  
May somewhat in your wondering thought suspect;  
But where the Psalmist *Delectasti* said,  
Shall clearly shine upon *thine* intellect.

Further on, the poet's reference to the unknown plants that sometimes grow on our side of the globe, from the effect, as he tells us, of emanations derived from the Terrestrial Paradise, and working in various ways according to the place on which they alight, is very obscurely set forth, or indeed misconstrued in the last lines of the following:—

And as in circuit all the air is driven,  
Revolving with the first ethereal sphere,  
If by no jutting point some stay be given;  
Thus on this height, that floateth in the clear  
And living air, its motion strikes, and thence  
Arise the woodland whispers which ye hear.  
Such virtue dwelleth in the forest dense;  
Therewith it penetrates the air around,  
Which ever circling sheds its burden thence.  
For even upon the lower world is found  
A different climate beneath varying skies,  
And diverse plants proceed from diverse ground.  
And hearing this, it causeth no surprise,  
When some wild plant or herb, at its own will  
Without or seed or culture doth arise.

We dwell the more studiously on points like these because Mrs. Ramsay's is, in the main, a tasteful, and perhaps a fine work—it will seem such at all events for the purposes of modern rhapsodists. It might, however, have been rendered much more valuable by a due study of some thorough historical critic like the Archduke John ("Philalethes"), and by some consideration of the deep import of the poem; in reference not only to individual morality and piety, but to the organization of a Christian society on earth, according to that ideal of a single Church and single Empire which grew up in the poet's mind amid the lawless contentions of the Guelfs and Ghibellines. Among minor points, we wish the authoress had corrected her accentuation of Latin proper names (which is wrong almost everywhere), had not wound up her cantos with an Alexandrine, and had made the sense of every line and triplet more complete within itself.

#### CELTIC AND ROMAN GRAVE-HILLS IN DERBYSHIRE.\*

A NEW volume of Mr. Jewitt's *Reliquary*, which has just made its appearance, contains some very interesting notices of the explorations which the editor, in company with Mr. J. F. Lucas, has recently made among the hitherto unopened barrows or grave-hills of the Derbyshire High Peak. The late Mr. Bateman of Middleton, whose curious work on this subject has been favourably noticed in these pages, examined so many barrows, personally or by deputy, in Derbyshire and the Staffordshire Moorlands, that it might have been supposed that few had escaped his notice. But the truth is, that the whole of that hilly district is full of grave-mounds—British, Roman, and Saxon. Scarcely any conspicuous hill is without its barrow or barrows; and even where the mound is no longer visible the name "Low," from the Saxon *leaw*, or barrow, shows that some notable cairn or artificial mound formerly existed. Innumerable grave-mounds remain also on the less elevated tracts, where they have often been more or less levelled, and sometimes even obliterated, by the plough. But the old names of the fields in which they once stood will often testify to their former presence; and it might be well worth while for any antiquary in search of such things to examine old terriers and title-deeds, for the original names by which each field or piece of plantation is locally designated. Some account of the discoveries which rewarded Mr. Jewitt's explorations may not be uninteresting to archaeologists.

The first barrow opened by him and his colleague was a large tree-planted mound, about seven feet high, and some twenty-eight yards in diameter, on the top of Harley Hill, near Buxton. This was found to be one of a very unusual kind for Derbyshire. Indeed, only two others of the same kind have ever been discovered in the county, and it is thought that they are of Roman date. The peculiarity of this barrow was that it was composed entirely of fine earth. Scarcely a particle of stone was found in it. "The soil was extremely close and compact; and but for the mixture of different earths, the layers of burnt earth and the charcoal, it might well have been considered to have been a natural formation." The lowest stratum, lying upon the natural surface of the ground, in the centre of the mound, was a very thick layer of burnt soil, hardened like pottery, and of a bright red colour. The fires in this place must have been very frequent, or of long continuance, to have produced this effect on the baked earth. In various parts of the barrow, at irregular distances from each other, and at different depths from the surface, were found detached deposits of calcined bones, mingled with charcoal. These ashes had been placed in

small hollows scooped out of the earth, and surrounded by small stones. A few beads of deep blue glass, and some flakes of flint, sometimes accompanied the deposits. The only fragments of the human bodies here interred that had escaped destruction by the process of cremation were the hollow enamel coatings of some teeth which remained perfect. It would seem that the custom had been to burn the bodies on the centre of the barrow, and then to gather the ashes and deposit them in small holes in the sides of the mound. Over each such deposit a thin layer of earth was spread, and a fire lit on the top so as to harden the surface. Other barrows in the immediate neighbourhood, on the Derbyshire and Staffordshire sides of the Dove, revealed deposits of calcined bones and charcoal, accompanied by flint knives and arrow-heads. In one of these it was noticed that the fragments of charcoal were of large size, having been made evidently of thick logs of wood instead of slender twigs, as is most usual. At last a rather unpromising barrow on the top of Hitter Hill, in Glutton Dale—the unpropitious name of one of the most picturesque of the tributary valleys of the upper Dove—rewarded the explorers with some very important discoveries. It is described as an uneven mound, about twenty-two feet in diameter, composed of rough stones and soil, and slightly sunk in the centre. On first opening a trench in it, immense quantities of rats' bones and snail-shells gave a promise of the richness of the contents of the grave-hill. It is well known that the remains of the water-vole or water-rat are very common in Derbyshire barrows, and that they always bespeak the presence of human remains. Dr. Davis, the author of *Crania Britannica*, thinks that these rodents, which abound in the Derbyshire rivers, formed their hybernacula in the made ground of the barrows, and sharpened their teeth on the human bones which they found there. These animals are not carnivorous; they did not eat the bodies. But the bones from Derbyshire barrows are almost always gnawed by their "scalpiform incisors." The same fact was observed in the great galleried tumulus of Fontenay de Marmion, near Caen, in Normandy. This Hitter-Hill barrow contained, besides some irregular deposits of burnt and unburnt bones, several regularly-shaped cists, or stone sepulchral chambers, formed by upright stones with the natural rock for the floor. The first found cist was about forty inches by twenty-six inches, and about two feet deep. The skeleton was that of a young person, lying on its side, with the knees drawn up to the chin—the usual position in Celtic burials. Close to the hands was an urn, or food-vessel, in excellent preservation, about five inches high, and richly ornamented with the usual diagonal and herring-bone lines, which seem to have been formed by impressing twisted thongs on the clay while it was soft. Another cist in the same tumulus contained an adult skeleton, lying contracted on its left side, but much damaged by one of the heavy covering stones which had fallen in. Here, too, there was a beautiful urn—one of the finest yet discovered, and marked with the characteristic patterns of the Celtic pottery of this district. About the middle of the barrow the explorers found a still more important cist, which was a model of good primeval construction. Its floor was the native rock, artificially levelled, with a rude pillow at the smaller end, formed by hollowing a raised edge of stone. The whole length was forty inches, the width (at the foot) twenty-four inches, whence it tapered irregularly to ten inches at the narrower end, and the general depth twenty inches. A very large stone covered the top. No flint implements or pottery were found with this skeleton. But the skull was a perfect and characteristic example of the cranium of an ancient Briton. "It belongs," says Mr. Jewitt, "to the series which Dr. Davis has named typical; it is brachy-cephalic, and is the subject of deformity from nursing on the cradle-board in infancy." Here he refers to a paper by Dr. Davis in the *Natural History Review* for 1862, on the Distortions which present themselves in the Crania of the Ancient Britons. The same barrow contained other cists and other remains which had been merely interred. It should have been noticed that very few of these skeletons were found perfect, or in seemingly order. The rats had pulled the bones about in every direction. Inside one skull the excavators found the perfect skeleton of a rat, which had chosen that place to die in.

While Messrs. Jewitt and Davis were pursuing these investigations, Mr. Bagshawe was opening a barrow near Eyam in another part of the High Peak. This mound was carefully formed by concentric circles of limestones set on edge. The centre contained a skeleton—not in a cist, but with the head protected by two flat stones slanting towards each other. The head lay to the north, and the legs were not contracted, but extended at right angles to the body. The skull, which was in fine preservation, was secured by Professor Rolleston, of Oxford. There were other interments in the tumulus, and a drinking-cup was found, of Celtic pattern, besides flint arrow-heads and lance-heads, a dog's jaw-bone, and a sling-stone made of a quartz pebble. It was also ascertained that there were traces of interments of a later date in the same mound. For instance, there were fragments of two Romano-British funereal urns of the usual shape.

With these British interments may be compared one of the same date, figured in this volume—a chalk cist, found in Roundway Hill, in the north of Wiltshire. This woodcut is borrowed from the last published "Decade" of the *Crania Britannica*, published by the before-named Dr. Davis, assisted by Dr. Thurnam. Here the cist is smoothly cut out of the chalk, instead of being built up with rough fragments of limestone. The skeleton is contracted, and lying on one side. The drinking-vessel, however, is of different pattern, and different ornamentation, from the Derbyshire

\* The *Reliquary*, Quarterly Journal and Review; a Depository for precious Relics—Legendary, Biographical, and Historical—Illustrative of the Habits, Customs, and Pursuits of our Forefathers. Edited by Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A. Vol. III. London: J. R. Smith.



specimens. Antiquaries are now beginning, by the comparison of the pottery found in the grave-hills of different districts, to determine the shapes and patterns of drinking-cups and other vessels which were peculiar to the several Celtic tribes. A particularly fine specimen is here engraved, which was found in the famous Green-Low Barrow, on Alsop Moor, Derbyshire.

The other papers in the present volume of the *Reliquary* may be briefly described as being of an average value and interest. Lord Denman contributes a second paper on the Dialect of the High Peak. But his philological power is small. The well-dressing at Tissington is treated by two different writers in too rhapsodical and sentimental a style. On the other hand, Mr. Thomas Wright gives a very plain but interesting account of the most recent discoveries at Wroxeter. The city wall which has been there brought to light seems to be of ruder workmanship than any known example of Roman building, consisting as it does merely of boulder-stones or cobble-stones, set without any order in clay, and on a clay foundation. The presumption is that the town was originally unwall'd, and that this fortification was added when the Roman power was seriously weakened in Britain. A great many graves have been opened in the cemetery of Uriconium, and in one there was discovered a case of surgical instruments, very like some that were found at Pompeii. Mr. Wright complains reasonably enough of the slow progress of the excavations at Wroxeter. Among the minor facts contributed to this excellent volume, there is a present interest in the record of an earthquake inserted in the parish register of Rushton, in Staffordshire:—

On Sunday, the 14th September, 1777, about 11 o'clock, whilst the minister was in the pulpit at Rushton, there was an earthquake, which threw the congregation into the greatest confusion. It was sensibly felt at Macclesfield, Manchester, &c.

To this the editor very appositely adds a passage from Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, with reference to this very shock. The quotation will be amusing, when we compare it with the comments on the recent earthquake of October 6th, which filled the newspapers a week or two ago:—

On Sunday evening, September 14th (says Boswell), I arrived at Ashbourne, and drove directly up to Dr. Taylor's door. Dr. Johnson and he appeared before I had got out of the post-chaise and welcomed me cordially. I told them I had travelled all the preceding night and had gone to bed at Leek, in Staffordshire, and that when I rose to go to church in the afternoon I was informed there had been an earthquake, of which, it seems, the shock had been felt in some degree at Ashbourne.

Johnson. "Sir, it will be much exaggerated in popular talk; for, in the first place, the common people do not accurately adapt their thoughts to the objects, nor, secondly, do they accurately adapt their words to their thoughts. They do not mean to lie; but, taking no pains to be exact, they give you very false accounts. A great part of their language is proverbial. If any thing rocks at all, they say it rocks like a cradle; and in this way they go on."

#### HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE.\*

THE combination of varied and minute erudition with philosophic and pictorial power demanded of an historian is so extremely rare, that we cannot wonder if almost every history disappoints us, either by its deficiencies in learning or its deficiencies in style. If it is not a catalogue, it is apt to be an essay. This is particularly the case with histories of literature which embrace a wide field. To have any reasonable completeness, a history of literature must necessarily notice an immense mass of rubbish, and few minds of any high order will consent to waste valuable time in reading masses of rubbish; yet, unless the historian devotes himself to the study of authors whom the world has for many years resolutely determined to leave unread—authors who, as he is forced to acknowledge, are deservedly neglected and can interest no human being except historically—his task becomes superfluous. It requires but a moderate erudition to treat of the great authors; but then it is precisely of these that the public least wishes to hear, unless precious new material be discovered or very valuable criticism be offered. There are many men who could write a history of Spanish Literature without much fatigue, if they were not called upon to familiarize themselves with any but the eminent writers; but the devotion of five-and-forty years has been demanded of Mr. Ticknor for the accumulation of the material wrought into the History of which a new edition now lies before us. He has ransacked the public and private libraries of Spain, Italy, France, Germany, and England; he has made laborious collections, has immersed himself in a morass of dead literature, and has produced a catalogue of rare learning and value, for which all Spanish students will be grateful, and which, in consideration of its erudition, its carefulness, and its modesty, will be forgiven if it is somewhat lifeless and difficult to read. The work of Bouterwek, which cannot for an instant be compared with it on the ground of completeness or accuracy, is far superior to it for the purposes of the general reader; because Bouterwek, untrammelled by such masses of details, is enabled to present the great movements of national development in clearer outlines.

So honest and so admirable a work cannot fail to win the regard of all serious students, if they approach it in the right spirit; and, in these days of second-hand erudition and facile but worthless compilation, it is both delightful and inspiring to come in contact with a real student like Mr. Ticknor, who loves his subject with a patient and absorbing love, whose desire for completeness is paramount, and who will spare no

labour to add a detail in a note. We cannot, however, but regret that this courageous erudition has, in his case, taken the usual direction of neglecting modern works. When a man can read without flinching the writings of very bad authors who happen to be old, it is a pity that he cannot also spare some of that time and labour for authors not by any means so bad who happen to be modern. We cannot but think that the mass of readers for whom this *History of Spanish Literature* is intended would very willingly have spared many pages to have heard more in detail of the eminent writers of this century, especially Breton de los Herreros, Zorilla, Hartzenbusch, and others. Not that we suppose Mr. Ticknor to be unacquainted with their works—with whom is he unacquainted?—but he seems to have slighted them, perhaps because they were modern, and he turned more lovingly to their ancestors.

The style of Mr. Ticknor is quiet and gentlemanly. The critical remarks are not very illuminating, but they have the negative merit of not being nonsensical in endeavouring to look profound. He occasionally repeats stereotyped phrases which might provoke question if the reader did not detect them to be part of the equipment of what used formerly to be called "an elegant historian;" but, on the whole, we accompany him in his long journey with that sort of drowsy acquiescence which is given to the remarks of an elderly and able gentleman whom we respect more than we admire. It is as a catalogue that the book is really serviceable. One can make it a book of reference, certain to find ample material in it. Let us take a dip into the second volume, and see what he says of the relation between Lope de Vega and Cervantes. The accumulation of evidence is exhaustive; but we think it would have been of advantage to the clear understanding of this dispute had the chief passages been quoted. For instance, he only alludes to Lope's praise of Cervantes in the *Laurel de Apolo*, which he calls lines of cold punning eulogy. Now, these lines speak of the arm which Cervantes lost at Lepanto, as robbed by Fortune, in order that the other arm might confer immortality on him; and had Mr. Ticknor quoted them, the reader might have judged, as we judge, that their tone is not by any means cold:—

Pero su ingenio en versos diamantes,  
Los del plomo volvió con tanta gloria  
Que por dulces, sonoros, y elegantes  
Dieron eternidad a su memoria:  
Porque se diga, que una mano herida  
Pudo dar a su dueño eterna vida.

It is undoubtedly true that Lope de Vega did not praise *Don Quixote*—nay, that he seems positively to have despised it, saying, in a private letter to the Duke, that "none of the young poets are so foolish as to praise *Don Quixote*." This may be added to the curious list of contemporary judgments.

The chapters devoted to Cervantes will be read more eagerly perhaps than any others in the book. They are excellent in their way, though, as may be suspected, rather bibliographical than critical. Mr. Ticknor is very far from sharing the belief of German critics respecting the profound symbolism of *Don Quixote*. He takes what would be called the common-sense view of the case. Unhappily, the common-sense view of Art is apt to be a very narrow view, erring from the inherent inability of common sense to conceive the finer impulses which move the artist. It should be distinctly understood that no man can thoroughly criticise an art which he has not practised. He may express his admiration, or dislike, according as the work affects him; but this is individual opinion. Criticism is general—it is judgment—and can only be legitimate when all the elements of a judgment are present. Now these elements can never be present to the mind of a man unacquainted with the processes of the artist.

After Cervantes, the most interesting subjects of these volumes are the ballads and the drama, both treated in great detail, and with abundant illustrations. These are, of course, subjects too wide to be discussed in a notice like the present; and we shall, therefore, rather direct attention to Calderon's anachronisms, because they help to explain Shakspeare's carelessness on that score—a carelessness which at one time was made so serious a charge against him. That Calderon troubled himself very little about such tedious details as the facts of history and geography is seen in his making Coriolanus a general under Romulus, marrying one of the ravished Sabines! The Danube, which one would suppose every educated man would have been almost as familiar with as the Tagus, is placed between Russia and Sweden. If Shakspeare makes Bohemia a seaport, Calderon makes Jerusalem one likewise. If Shakspeare makes Hector quote Aristotle, Calderon makes Herodotus describe America. *On ne regardait pas de si près!*

The separation of author and manager was, we are told, gradual. At the head of each company of players there was an *Autor*. The name descended from Lope de Rueda, when the writer of the rude farces then in favour collected about him a company. The practice was soon imitated in France, where Hardy—"the author of his own company," as he styled himself—produced about five hundred plays, generally pillaged from the Spanish stage; and it is not unknown in our own times, and in our own country, where more than one manager is a voluminous writer of dramas—"conveyed" from the French stage. But while Hardy was at the height of his prosperity, preparing the way for Corneille, the canon in *Don Quixote* had already recognised in Spain the existence of two kinds of authors—the authors who wrote and the authors who acted;

\* *History of Spanish Literature*. By George Ticknor. 3 vols. London: Trübner & Co. 1863.

and from that time actors and managers were rarely writers for the stage—but from that time the drama became Literature.

There can be no question that Lope de Vega, Calderon, Moreto, and the rest, wrote what has since been regarded as Literature, and by German critics as very exquisite and profound Art; but it is very doubtful whether the dramatists themselves so regarded their works. They seem to have estimated them very much as Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher estimated their works, not as serious and enduring products of art (Ben Jonson was laughed at for calling his plays "works"), but as facile means of amusing the public and making money. Plays were only a little removed from improvisations; and if the irresistible impulses of genius carried the writers sometimes to the heights of inventive creation—if the dramatist forgot his audience, and thought only of his own creations—this was no more than Cervantes did in forgetting his purpose of ridiculing chivalry romances and lovingly painting the eternal types of Idealism and Prosaism. Fine effects of art may undoubtedly be found in the Spanish drama; but the deliberate intentions of art which German critics discover are at variance with the whole spirit of play-writing in those days. How nearly allied the drama was to improvisation may be gathered from Lope de Vega's astounding fertility. According to his own confession in the preface to the twentieth volume of his plays, he had then written the enormous number of one thousand and seventy; and his friend Montalvan, after his death, numbers them at eighteen hundred, besides four hundred *autos*, or religious plays. It was many years, even with his immense popularity, before he thought of publishing a single volume of these dramas, which fact helps to explain Shakespeare's not having published his; and even when he did begin, only five hundred were deemed worthy of print. That there is a prodigious genius displayed in these rapid works no one will deny; but it is difficult to admit that either he or Calderon was animated by any of the artistic scruples and ambitious aims of a modern dramatist.

Mr. Ticknor's comprehensive survey of the whole Spanish Literature down to the beginning of the present century is certainly a book of which America may be proud; and if, as we have already intimated, it is rather a book of reference than a philosophic exposition of the national development in Literature, we must conclude by saying that it is a book which has no rival, and which must find its place in every well-furnished library.

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N.B. The Midsummer Matriculation Examination will henceforth Commence on the LAST MONDAY in JUNE.

Burlington House, November 6, 1863.

WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D., Registrar.

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(Signed) JOHN P. SEDDON, CHARLES FORSTER HAYWARD, Hon. Secretaries.

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